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The Week

EARLY last summer, China seized the Chinese Eastern Railway, until then under joint Russian-Chinese control, deported the Russian director, arrested numerous other Russian officials and proceeded to operate the railway as its own. Russia responded with an ultimatum and began to move troops, but on the intervention of the American government, both sides agreed to abide by the Kellogg Pact and attempt to negotiate a settlement. Since then, there have been abortive negotiations and intermittent raids across the Russian-Chinese frontier, with each side accusing the other of aggression. Now Russia has definitely launched a punitive expedition. The Red Army has occupied Manchuli, on the border in North Manchuria, and pushed a hundred miles over the frontier to Hailar, in Heilungkiang Province. It is now within striking distance of Harbin, the commercial metropolis which Tsarist Russia originally built, and ruled until the Chinese took advantage of the revolution to regain it.

TO DEAL a real blow to China, Russia must take Harbin. This it probably can do without much difficulty, for the Chinese forces in North Manchuria are weak, but to retain possession it must be prepared to overcome the full force of the Manchurian army which Chang Hsueh-liang can bring up from South Manchuria—an army not to be despised. Even though it may be Soviet Russia's intention only to punctuate a demand for settlement of the railway dispute on acceptable terms, the result may be a real war. Furthermore, Harbin is less than 150 miles from Changchun, the beginning of the South Manchuria Railway and the Japanese zone. And if there is any fighting in or near that zone, Japan will be a participant. It has never allowed its interests in South Manchuria to be disturbed, and it has given clear indication only recently that it will not do so now. Manchuria has once more become the danger spot of the world.

MEANWHILE, China has been engaged in its own domestic war in the Yangtsze Valley, where the forces of Feng Yu-hsiang and allied generals have been trying to overthrow the Nanking government, the nearest approach to a national government China has had in years. Although they have not succeeded, they have seriously impaired both the prestige and the power of Nanking, as well as the country's prospects for economic recovery from the destruction of years of revolution and civil warfare. But there are indications that the threat of an alien invader may bring an end to internal hostilities. If it is an end, and not just a pause, Russia's invasion may turn out to be not an unmixed evil. As against Russia, the gain will be moral rather than military. Railway facilities in China are too poor to enable China to use her full military strength in her northernmost reaches. In the end, she must either compromise with Russia or resort to passive resistance.

SINCE Russia's minimum demand has been the restoration of the Russian director of the Chinese Eastern Railway, a settlement means a defeat for China, a defeat not easy to swallow just when she is planning to give the same kind of challenge

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to the Western Powers that she did to Russia. Fundamentally, the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway was China's assertion of its intention to recover national independence, by unilateral action if necessary. Its announcement that extra-territoriality would be abolished, with or without the consent of the Powers, on January 1, 1930, is another such assertion. Russia's retaliation is the first reverse that Chinese nationalism has suffered. It may give the Chinese pause, but on the other hand, Russia is in a better position to retaliate than is Great Britain or the United States. Incidentally, it is worth noting that the first power to make use of force to defend imperialistically acquired rights in China is the avowed champion of downtrodden Eastern peoples against imperialism.

HOOVER and Stalin monopolize Europe's attention today. From the standpoint of the continental observer of affairs, the two most interesting present developments are America's current attempt to prove that its post-war theory of capitalism is correct, and Russia's struggle to effectuate the principles of Communism. The latter effort has recently come to a head in dramatic fashion, in the demand, made by 13,000 German-born peasants in Russia, now concentrated outside Moscow, that they be allowed to abandon the effort to live in that country under present conditions, and return to Germany. For a time, it looked as though a serious conflict between Germany and Russia might ensue, but the Soviet government ended the difficulty by agreeing, on Monday of this week, that these peasants should go home to Germany. To understand the significance of what has been happening, it is necessary to review the history of the attempt to put Russian agriculture on a collectivist basis.

BY 1926, 235,000 Russian farms, covering 2,000,000 acres, had been turned into one-tenth that number of collective farms. This, eight years after the Revolution, was less than 1 percent of Russia's 25,000,000 farms. By 1927, the number had risen to 415,000, covering 3,000,000 acres. By 1928, 979,000 farms, covering 10,000,000 acres, had been collectivized, and by 1929, 2,670,000 farms, covering 47,000,000 acres, had been concentrated into units averaging 300 acres each. In three years, but chiefly during the last year, 10 percent of all the farms of the Soviet Union have been brought under collective control. Reckoning each farm as worked by a family of five, there were in 1926 about one million persons engaged in collective agriculture, while in 1929 there were more than thirteen millions. The same year, however, in which the greater part of this process of collectivization took place, the Soviet government, acting on its decree of July, 1928, assigned another 30,000,000 acres for Soviet state farms—so-called grain factories, averaging 100,000 acres. Of this assignment, about three million acres have now been organized into thirty such farms.

ON the productive side, statistics for the period July to October 20, 1929, show that the government already has collected 8,894,000 tons of grain, as against 3,295,000 tons for the same period in 1928. The most notable impression left by these figures is the terrific tempo of the process of collectivization during the current year. Last year, but 4,500,000 peasants were working collective farms; today there are 13,000,000, plus those on the great "factory farms." Next, it appears that grain collection has prospered almost incredibly under collectivization. A closer examination, however, shows that the increase of more than double in the amount of grain collected from July to October, 1929, against the same period in 1928, is a consequence, not of increased productivity by the large farms—which as a matter of fact haven't had time to be organized—but is a consequence of the process of "collectivization" itself. This process, described in detail by the vanguard of the 400 Russo-German peasants who have already reached Germany, may be summarized as the confiscation, by taxation, of all the grain supplies of those peasants whose farms were destined for collectivization and who refused *voluntarily to enter the collectives.* Thus, almost at one stroke, and within the shortest possible period of time, the Soviet government hopes to eliminate its stubbornest enemy, the Kulak or "Fist," the so-called wealthy farmer.

TWO commentators in this issue of The New Republic discuss President Hoover's food-ship proposal from widely differing points of view. Mr. C. F. Anderson, with an optimism which we wish we could share, sees it as welcomed in the chancelleries of Europe, and as marking an important milestone on the road to peace. But, in fact, the President's suggestion was received in most quarters with disheartening apathy or with active opposition. The English Tories, the French, the Italians, have all rejected it, and English Liberals have approached it with a timidity which is tantamount to disapproval. Of the chief powers, only the Germans have accepted it with enthusiasm. Unless Mr. Hoover takes active steps on behalf of his suggestion—something to which he is both temperamentally and politically opposed—it will be put back on the shelf.

MR. GEORGE YOUNG'S general argument, in favor of American participation in a "public" blockade, is one with which our readers are familiar. When he urges that the seas should be demilitarized, he moves in a direction in which The New Republic is prepared to go as far as anyone. At present, however, the world is confronted by a practical reality of the moment which has little relation to this ultimate objective. The immediate task is to allay the suspicions of nations which are still maintaining vast armies and navies, still to some extent in the grip of hysterical fear of one another. The utmost that can be hoped

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from the London conference is some reduction of armament, which will relieve the taxpayers, plus, perhaps, a greater degree of international confidence, which will mean a greater degree of coöperation in activities tending to make war less likely. Toward such a development Mr. Hoover's food-ship proposal might contribute by bringing the United States into closer touch with the League in all other activities against an aggressor nation except a food blockade. Mr. Young's proposal, however, seems likely to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of a minority of liberals, and that is all—at least, for a long time to come.

THERE are two possible interpretations of the action of Governor Young of California in referring the Mooney case to his Advisory Pardon Board. One is that the Governor is afraid of the public sentiment, hostile to Mooney, and is passing the buck, the result being another long delay while a fresh investigation is made on top of his own, which has now taken about a year to do two hours' work. The other explanation is that Governor Young, having made up his mind to set Mooney free, simply wants some formal backing for his act. The New Republic believes that the second of these explanations is correct. The other would involve a cruelty and cowardice which are not justified by anything in the Governor's record.

MR. LEWIS B. TEBBETT'S letter in this issue of The New Republic embodies an impression which is widely enough held to be worth examination. According to him, the growth of stock values by $40,000,000,000 during the past six years caused our industrial prosperity, because people spent these profits for goods and services. The sudden disappearance of this purchasing power as a consequence of the crash will, he believes, produce an equivalent industrial depression. The question is, however, how much money was actually withdrawn from Wall Street to spend for other things than stocks. If a man bought at or near the bottom and sold out at the top, or on the way up, without acquiring any more stocks or securities, he had the money to spend. Relatively few persons did this. Some bought stocks and have not sold them even yet. They collected no purchasing power on the rise and lost none on the fall. Their actual incomes are at least no smaller than before. Many bought on the way up, and kept speculating with their profits, only to be obliged to sell during the crash. Their pyramided gains had never been withdrawn or spent. They merely came and vanished like a dream. A large part of these paper profits were sluiced out of the tremendous stream of credit devoted to speculation, and they poured away when the credit was withdrawn. Neither the gain nor the loss much affected the demand for industrial products. We should be greatly surprised if the profits of the boom market had increased the market for goods as much as a tenth of their paper value. On the other hand, the restriction of credit for building construction caused an offsetting loss of real income by workers in industry, which may now be regained.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, after the war, made the mistake of denying the reality of ideals and the power of illusions. Rendered completely cynical by fifty-four years of French politics, he had come to believe in nothing but force. By the exertion of force—by imposing an impossible indemnity, by occupying the Rhineland for an indefinite period, by encouraging separatist movements in Germany, and principally by building a wall of greater and lesser alliances about her—he tried to assure the hegemony of France and to found a stable European order on the basis of inequality and injustice. He regarded Germany as a criminal beyond redemption, fit only to be imprisoned for the lifetime of this and future generations. His defeat for the French presidency in 1920 did not involve the defeat of his policies, but this work was accomplished later by the logic of events. For the last nine years, from his retirement in Vendée, he has watched his enemies, the friends of moderation, returning to power; he has watched followers deserting his leadership, while his wall about Germany crumbled away, stone by stone and section by section. After his death a salute of 101 guns boomed forth in Paris; there was a procession of marchers under the Arc de Triomphe; all possible honors were paid to "Old Man Victory" for his services during the war; but the principles on which he attempted to base the peace were being quietly disregarded.

NOW that the Senate has adjourned for a brief period without passing a tariff bill, it is well to register its services to the country during the past six months. The fashion is to express irritation at the Senate for its delay in carrying out the plans of the administration. What really happened was that the House, under perfect party control, had promptly and in a "businesslike" manner passed an outrageous tariff bill, which broke the party's pledge to the farmers. Though the President was thought to be opposed to this bill, he resigned his leadership by failing to express an opinion either for or against it. The old guard of the Senate was itself realistic enough to modify some of the more indefensible schedules. The Republican progressives and the Democrats, who can function so well in the Senate because it is really a deliberative body and lacks the close party discipline of the House, then came forward with the only good leadership seen in the whole controversy. They knocked the original bill into a cocked hat, and created a situation in which there will be either no new tariff law, or one to which the President can point with comparative self-respect. If the Senate had not done what it has done, the future of the administration might easily have been wrecked by an indefensible tariff, and the

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country would have been severely injured. The Progressive coalition has gone far to get Mr. Hoover out of the mess into which he sank when he injected the tariff issue into the campaign.

Ford vs. Hoover on Wages

WAS Mr. Ford right when he said that a continuation of American prosperity requires higher wages, or was Mr. Hoover right when he persuaded the labor representatives not to seek wage increases? Surely the policy of one is opposed to the policy of the other. No more striking contradiction has come out of the great prosperity conferences than the spectacle of the official representatives of the trade unions being induced to cooperate in holding wages down, just before the most famous employer of non-union labor in the country announced his intention of increasing them. Evidently, somebody made a woeful blunder.

It may be argued that the President's action was merely a practical compromise to deal with a passing condition. He doubtless does not object to higher wages, and would like to see them paid, as far as possible. But at the moment he feared a wave of wage reductions, and thought it more important to stave them off. And it is possible that employers would consent not to reduce wages only if labor would consent not to try to increase them. In view of the large profits of the year, and the high levels of production which still exist, it is difficult to believe that many responsible major-generals of industry would have gone in for wage cuts, particularly in view of the credit American business has taken to itself for its supposed adherence to the economy of high wages. Still, we are quite ready to admit that this philosophy has a far less sure hold on employers than is commonly supposed. If some of them really expected severely slackened production and unemployment, they might easily have been preparing for another wage-slashing campaign. Again, it is possible that Mr. Hoover was less concerned over preventing wage increases than over preventing the strikes to which demands for them might lead. On this ground, he might consistently rejoice at Mr. Ford's action and still ask labor to be acquiescent. In spite of such possible explanations, however, the main conflict of policy remains to be resolved. Either higher wages are economically desirable, or they are not. If they are, the practical necessity behind Mr. Hoover's compromise shows that something is very much out of joint, to which his attention ought to be turned. If they are not, Mr. Ford is flatly wrong.

The Ford argument is both simple and familiar. Our prosperity has been built on the constant and rapid increase of production which American industry has evinced. American industry depends on popular purchasing power for the sale of its products. Therefore, popular purchasing power must be increased as production is increased. This can be done only by holding down prices and advancing wages. Any hesitancy which industry has recently shown is due largely to failure of the consumers' purchasing power to grow rapidly enough. The need, then, is, on the one hand, for more efficient production leading to reduction of prices, and, on the other hand, for wage increases.

The formula is probably as true as any generalized economic principle can be. It successfully resists most of the attacks which can be made upon it from logical premises. Don't higher wages lead to higher prices, and thus start a vicious circle? Not if the increase in wages accompanies increased production per man-hour; as a matter of fact, the average productivity of industry has advanced far more rapidly than wages. Can't we rely on the growth of population to furnish the necessary demand? No, because production tends to grow much faster than population. Doesn't increased production automatically augment popular purchasing power by enlarging employment? Not necessarily; improved processes may for a time decrease employment, because they so greatly reduce the need for men. Doesn't increased production inevitably lead to a larger aggregate of income—in profit and interest and rent if not in wages? Yes, but those who live on profit and interest and rent are not nearly so numerous as those who live on wages; they cannot yet furnish a sufficient market for Fords and other products of mass-production industry.

In broad theory, there is no doubt that higher wages can and should accompany increased productivity. But Mr. Ford overlooks at least one important fact. Voluntary action on the part of employers cannot be relied upon to produce the result. The power of Mr. Ford's example, persuasive as it is, is not likely to overcome the inherent reluctance of most employers to pay higher wages than they have to. While it is to the interest of each employer that the wages paid by all other employers should increase, and thus provide an expanding market for his product, it is not to the interest of any one employer to pay higher wages than necessary to obtain efficient services, because his own employees do not furnish more than a small fraction of the market for his own product. An essential instrumentality to carry out the Ford policy nationally is a strong labor movement. And labor is organized weakly or not at all in many of those very industries which have made the greatest gains in productivity and are best able to advance wages. Mr. Ford himself has not furnished nearly as large earnings to the men working for him as he might have done.

It is also an obstacle to the policy desired that there are many marginal industries and marginal firms, less efficient and less well organized than the more successful, which are really incapable of paying higher wages. Coal and cotton textiles, for instance, have been behind the procession for years. Cut-throat competition, overproduction, bad management and antiquated equipment have long handicapped them. Industries and plants suffering from

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these and like defects are far more numerous in our economic structure than is good for us. Among them we must not forget agriculture, the income of which furnishes something under a third of our total national purchasing power.

Finally, we must not overlook the depressed purchasing power of other nations, due to post-War maladjustments, a network of obstructive protective tariffs, lack of adequate capital and other obstacles.

In the circumstances, neither the Ford nor the Hoover policy is realistic enough to be adequate. The one is a counsel of perfection, the other a counsel of stagnation. If Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover and the labor leaders had really got together and put their minds on the problem, they might have agreed on a program that would really be helpful. This program would have included:

> Vigorous union organization in unorganized industries.
>
> Higher wages in industries able to pay them without increasing prices.
>
> Measures to increase the efficiency of industries and firms unable to pay higher wages—not forgetting agriculture.
>
> Attentive aids to prosperity abroad, including, as a prime measure both for its direct effect and for its example, judicious reduction of the American tariff.

The Return to Europe

IN AN article recently published in our columns, Mr. Sisley Huddleston echoed the view that the proposal to establish a "United States of Europe" is simply a refined form of alliance, which if actually carried into effect, will mean the dominance of the continent by France and her military satellites. We have no doubt that this view is held in European chancelleries, and that it has been strengthened by recent fears of an Anglo-Saxon combination. Nevertheless, we feel that the movement toward closer unity in Europe is supported by many who do not think of it merely as a diplomatic connivance. Back of this movement is the conviction that the industrial and cultural future of the people of Europe depends upon their willingness to bury past differences and present a united front against the rising tide of industrialism from the United States, on the one hand, and from the Orient, on the other.

While Europe has made much progress toward peace during the last ten years, many causes of unrest remain. Minorities are still mistreated; disputes still arise over boundary lines; huge and burdensome standing armies are still maintained. Valiant frontal attacks against these evils have been made. Nevertheless, minorities continue to be restive, and armies continue to be drilled. And the reason is that each nation of Europe is haunted by the fear of economic insecurity, a fear which has been increased by over-population at home and the loss of markets abroad. The nations of Europe unconsciously believe that there is not room enough for all of them—they believe that the survival of one nation sooner or later must be at the expense of the other. Until this fear is removed, peace will not be restored upon the Continent. The solution of Europe's economic problem, the knitting of Europe together in ties as close as those which bind the forty-eight states of the American Union, would automatically lead to the disappearance of these wrangles over boundaries and armaments—wrangles which today keep Europe in a state of seething unrest, despite dozens of arbitration treaties and securities pacts. The growing realization that this problem of economic insecurity must be solved is one of the important forces back of the United States of Europe idea.

The well known French writer, Francis Delaisi, has just published a book, entitled "Les deux Europes," which presents an interesting view of the economic situation in the European continent. To him there are two Europes—industrialized, containing France, Germany and Great Britain, and agricultural Europe, consisting of the Central and Eastern countries. The first group he calls Europe A; the second, Europe B. In Europe A, the circulation of men and goods is "intense"; 70 percent of the people live in cities; culture and the universities flourish; parliamentary government, at least in comparison with agricultural Europe, has been a success. In Europe B, however, the population lives a rural, semi-feudal, culturally retarded existence. The reason why Europe A is so much more advanced economically and culturally than Europe B, is because of the machine. And the success of the machine has been due to coal, which is concentrated in Europe A. The machine has been beneficial not only to industry, but also to agriculture. Belgium produces three times as many bushels of wheat to the acre as Rumania. With European machinery, five men in Canada or the Argentine can, on the same quality of land, produce as much wheat as fifty in Russia.

Thus Europe A has become industrialized; and as a result of the process, her population has greatly increased. For many years, Europe A has been obliged to import food for her population; she has also been obliged to seek outside markets for excess manufactures and also for excess men. Despite the advantage of nearness, Europe A sells only about a quarter of its excess exports to Europe B. The remainder goes to non-European markets: 33 percent to the Orient and the tropics, about 40 percent to "Europe overseas," such as the United States and the British Dominions. Europe has acquired these overseas markets, according to M. Delaisi, largely by virtue of emigration, and by the establishment of colonial control. During the last century, 36,000,000 Europeans have sought residence overseas. During the same period, Europe has established control over Africa and a large part of the Pacific, a hold which is maintained today by force. Thus, by means of these extra-European markets, industrialized Europe has been able to establish and maintain an economic equilibrium.

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While this system has brought wealth to industrialized Europe, the present situation has become precarious and insecure. The reason is that Europe A is losing its overseas markets. The United States, and to a lesser extent the British Dominions, have severely restricted European immigration and erected high tariff walls against European goods. Industries and tariffs are rapidly rising in China, Japan and India. As The New Republic several weeks ago pointed out, the United States has recently supplanted Great Britain in the trade of the Argentine; and the same process is taking place in other parts of the world. This dislocation of markets both in Europe and outside of Europe explains why England has been confronted with an unemployment problem for the last ten years; why Germany periodically goes through a crisis, alleviated only by foreign loans; why the condition of Austria and other countries is critical. The old markets have been turned topsy-turvy; and new markets as yet are not in sight. M. Delaisi's analysis is open to question, on the ground that Great Britain, for instance, has kept her old share of a foreign trade which has failed to grow *in toto* over its pre-War level. But there is no doubt, industrial competition is intense.

What answer does M. Delaisi give to this dilemma? It is an answer of severity, but also of optimism; he challenges Europe to heal itself. The salvation of Europe A lies in developing markets in Europe B. In the past, Europe A disdained these markets, since Europe B was a land of peasants who produced little and who bought little—a land of feudal splendor, in which baronial governments lived luxuriously, but at the expense of the impoverished mass. Today, the inhabitant of Europe B purchases annually only $8.40 of goods from Europe A, in comparison with purchases of $17.90 by the inhabitant of Canada. M. Delaisi points out that if the purchasing power of inhabitants of agricultural Europe could be increased to equal that of the people of Canada, the total exports of Europe A would be increased by 30 percent. Once the markets of Europe B were developed, Europe A could face a decline in its overseas markets with equanimity.

The industrialized nations—that is, the Great Powers of Europe—today are confronted with mutually exclusive alternatives. Each of them can erect higher and higher tariff walls, with the object of reserving the home market for the domestic producer and "dumping" the surplus upon foreign countries. This alternative means economic war and sooner or later it will lead to more open, or at least more violent, hostility. The second alternative is economic coöperation—the development of agricultural production in Europe B in order to supply food for Europe A; the increased purchase of manufactures by Europe B, thus absorbing the surplus production of Europe A.

During the last ten years, a hundred million peasants in Central and Eastern Europe have come into the ownership of land which they formerly tilled as serfs. Agrarian reform has not increased the marketable output of Europe B, but it may be a first step toward increasing productive capacity. A second step is, M. Delaisi believes, in the growing use of electricity as a source of power. Coal is restricted to western Europe, but water-power which may generate electricity, is found nearly everywhere. By means of the machine, the productivity of agriculture in Central Europe may be increased several-fold. As a third step, Europe B needs capital and technical assistance. If necessary, the capital may be found in the United States, or it may come from the proposed International Bank. The universities and factories of Europe A are already able to furnish the technical assistance. But the final and most fundamental step toward the preservation of energies of Europe B is tariff reform. As long as Europe is divided into twenty-six air-tight compartments, each unwilling to trade with the other, the interchange of manufactured goods for agricultural products is impossible. The fundamental task, therefore, of any project for the United States of Europe is the reduction of tariffs, and, eventually, the establishment of a customs union. Once this task is accomplished, there will be a gradual reorientation of European trade which will eventually free Europe from its present dependence upon markets overseas.

This reorientation will be not only economic, but of political importance. The development of trade between European states would inevitably lead to a decline in European animosities. A growth in European self-sufficiency, moreover, would probably be accompanied by a gradual relinquishment of Europe's present control over the tropics; it might mean the general softening of those irritations which have so frequently threatened to disturb the relations between the European and the non-European world.

We do not, of course, expect to see the trade of the world bottled up into separate hemispheres. But there is undoubtedly an economic as well as a sentimental basis for a return to Europe, which may help to overcome what now seem like inseparable obstacles to the eradication of old prejudices and jealousies.

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President Hoover and the Orient

In Planning for Permanent Peace, the Ferment in China and India Must Not Be Ignored.

THE MESSAGE which the President of the United States delivered on the anniversary of Armistice Day, this year, to an eagerly listening world, was no mere empty tribute to the cause of international peace. Mr. Hoover was not content with those oratorical statements which tickle the ear of the multitude but end in nothing. As far as ever he could, he dealt solidly throughout with concrete facts, leaving no doubt in anyone's mind as to his own fixed purpose to get to the root of the war evil, and then carry through by every means in his power the practical remedy for it. The same course of action, rather than speech, had stood out clearly as one of the chief features of the MacDonald conversations. Looking back on both events, it is not difficult to see their exact sequence; and the remarkable resultant, in the favorable reception of the neutrality proposal for all food-ships during times of war, has been chiefly due to the very thorough spade-work and foundation-laying which went before. If accepted, such neutrality would relieve the huddled nations of Western Europe, with their over-population, from the biting grip of fear in one direction at least. By giving this relief, it would make a disarmament, in naval forces, far more feasible. A master stroke has been dealt for the righteous cause of peace in thus weakening the sinews of war.

Looking back on the past since the first Armistice Day, eleven years ago, and combining President Hoover's name with those of Dawes, Kellogg and Young, it is manifest that America's practical contributions towards the removal of those mountainous difficulties that remained after the World War have been second to none in solid achievement. The part that America has thus played in bringing gradually nearer world peace on one side of the surface of the earth has been worthy of the idealism, mingled with practical effort, whereon the Republic has all along been based. It is in line with its own great tradition of human emancipation.

But having said this with a very full and thankful heart, and after reading many times over President Hoover's speech and noting its immediate reaction on world opinion, it has filled me with wonder to discover why a statesman so wise and wide-awake as President Hoover has confined himself to the problem of Europe and made no direct reference at all on such a world occasion to the problem of Asia. For, as far as I could gather, that second half of humanity (which forms in its own dense area a majority of the world's population) did not come within his ken. Europe loomed so large as to block out the light of Asia.

It is all the more strange to me in President Hoover's case, because he was educated on the American Pacific slope facing the Far East and had spent important years of his life in China and Burma. Yet, at Washington, facing the Atlantic, his mind has evidently become so absorbed in the problems confronting him there that the Orient seems to have faded for a time at least out of his mind's vision. Even Secretary Stimson, fresh back from the Philippines as his intimate friend and adviser, does not yet appear to have brought with him the true world perspective as it affects the United States.

Yet the fact is palpably evident to those who have lived their lives in India and China, that since Armistice Day, eleven years ago, there has been raised among the masses of the village people in both these eastern countries a ferment so feverishly upheaving, that it can only be described adequately in the scriptural words as a "shaking of those things that can be shaken, so that those things that cannot be shaken may remain." This quite recent interior revolution has brought with it non-coöperation in India and civil war in China. It has affected a much more populous area of the earth's surface than the birth of national consciousness in Japan which preceded it by two generations.

Such a tremendous oscillation in a densely crowded mass of human beings must surely, one would have thought, be recorded on all the political seismographs of the West, and especially in America with its long Pacific coast. But the silence of the President's speech makes me wonder whether its world-shaking importance has yet been realized. There have been, of course, minor political events which have created an eddy of excitement. Such an occasion was the sudden danger to the foreign settlement at Shanghai more than two years ago. But the intellectual and moral upheaval, which has changed the face of these two countries, India and China, with their eight hundred million souls, has only been referred to in the pages of erudite reviews; it has not caught the popular mind or come

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into the lime-light of world politics in the West.

What has happened, briefly, is this. The moral prestige of the West has suddenly melted into thin air like a morning mist before the sunrise, leaving these millions of our own common humanity in the East—men and women of the same flesh and blood as ourselves—looking out towards America and Europe with eyes now at last undazzled by any false glamor of Western superiority. They have got over—to change the metaphor—their stage fright.

If this transvaluation of values were only intellectual, it might be met by rational processes of mutual accommodation and economic adjustment; but it is essentially moral and spiritual and therefore supra-rational. It has come also with the reflex force of a violent rebound and it has sped with amazing swiftness all over the East and over Africa as well, gaining still further intensive force from the vast drive of the Soviet influences from the North. Such a combination of forces—the aftermath of the World War, the Russian Revolution, the Chinese and Indian upheavals, the African native unrest, the sudden eclipse of European moral prestige—has, perhaps, never happened before in human history since the French Revolution. History is indeed being written in very large handwriting in the East today.

Far more seriously than any mounting up of new naval armaments, the explosive forces generated by the blank refusal even to discuss at Versailles, or Geneva, or Washington, the principle of racial equality, have now grown so vast, and at the same time so inwardly intense, that control and direction are no longer practical or possible unless something speedily is done to mitigate the internal evil. The racially insulting Asiatic Prohibition Law of 1924 still remains on the statute books of the United States; the color bar legislation still holds its grip upon the industrious African natives in South Africa; the Kenya policy still implies racial discrimination in favor of the European race; insults literally infinite in number carry out into sordid effect these racial policies of governments in daily social practice. Nevertheless, at such a time in world history, we wearily seem to be satisfied with the sedative, "All quiet on the Western front," and to satisfy ourselves with the hope that if the Young Plan goes through successfully and naval parity is reached in January at London, we shall then have almost within our sight "World Peace."

C. F. ANDREWS.

As a Canadian Sees Us

ABOUT two years ago, when a brave aviator lay dying of pneumonia at a Quebec hospital, another aviator, Charles A. Lindbergh, made a last attempt to save his life by flying from New York with some special serum. This gallant effort proved unavailing: Floyd Bennett, who had flown down the St. Lawrence to suddenly-famous Greenley Island to succor the "Bremen's" crew, died.

The next evening, the Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Premier of the province of Quebec, speaking at a banquet in Montreal, made incidental reference to this episode. "What do they think we are, in the province of Quebec?" he said, in effect. "A barbarous country? Anti-pneumonia serum could easily have been procured at any of the world-renowned hospitals of Montreal. It could have been procured, even, at the very hospital in Quebec where Bennett was. The whole thing was a vulgar publicity stunt."

I happened to be in New York the day that speech came through over the wires, which was also the day that Floyd Bennett's body was brought back. To say that the press of New York was astonished is to understate. Here, indeed, was the snake biting the man who had resuscitated it! Here was the good Samaritan receiving a hearty thwack over the crown from the poor wounded traveler he had endeavored to help! Lindbergh's serum-flight was not vulgar, it was not publicity for any known person, he took a special serum that only the New York hospitals, of all this continent, possessed. And much more. Hurt? They were stupefied.

Yet, admitting the tartness of Mr. Taschereau's comments, admitting that possibly the hospitals of Eastern Canada lacked that serum, the fact was obvious that most Canadians echoed—in fact, rather rejoiced at—the words of the Premier. They felt that what he said was in very bad taste, but that someone needed to say it. They resented the whole incident. Therein is demonstrated the difference in the comparative mentalities of Canada and the United States; and also, unfortunately, therein lies the typical Canadian attitude toward the United States. If any other country had sent its own particular Lindbergh, you would have heard nothing but thunders of applause.

The typical American, Heaven knows, is a complex enough creature. His mental processes are amongst the most complicated on earth. He is, for instance, an exceedingly odd combination of individualist and universalist. His surging ego, his tremendous ambition, have created the rich and wonderful United States that we know: yet—supposing, for example, that you advertise something for him to buy—you find him the soonest persuaded, the easiest mass market, of any nationality. He is,

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In fact, a remarkable combination of sheep and eagle. But the typical Canadian is still more complex. He, too, has this enormous ambition, with vast and undeveloped resources to color his braggadocio, or to turn his pipe-dreams into preferred stocks; yet with it he unites, at once, a simplicity reminiscent of the wide open spaces of the west and a sophistication tinged by deeper Old World sympathies.

Lust for power—perplexity—caution: there you have the Canadian. That is why he envies the prosperity of the United States, and yet damns that country up and down. In this, of course, he approximates the European, who yells "Uncle Shylock" (or "Bloody colonial!" if the object of derision happens to be a visiting Canadian) but scrambles for the overseas dollar. But the Canadian partakes also of the enormous heritage of the American. His country has much the same physical characteristics; his people have much the same mental characteristics. In temperament, outlook, speech, he is much nearer the American than the European. Yet he dislikes the American.

When I say "dislikes," I do not, of course, mean "hates." There is, it is true, a certain percentage of Canadians who actually accumulate venom toward the American, and who lose no opportunity of venting it. But that percentage is numerically infinitesimal, and can be matched by a corresponding "anti" or "phobe" element toward some specified nationality in any country you can name, as, for instance, Senator Borah hates the French nation. The average Canadian attitude is "dislike" in the sense of there being a complete absence of liking.

I have no illusions about my countrymen. They are often wild and woolly. They comprise many small-town minds, and a great many political tousleheads. But in their attitude towards the United States there is an extraordinary unanimity. "American" means something to be on one's guard against. If it came to a showdown between the United States and another nation—another American nation, at any rate—they would probably wish that other nation to win; just as, in a two-club baseball town, the perfervid supporters of one of those clubs would sooner root for an outside club to come in and clean up their hated rivals than they would root for the latter.

Now, if there is one thing which gives the average Canadian more delight than anything else, it is to lecture the American. Perhaps he is too prone to do this; but he feels especially qualified. His geographical and temperamental proximity give him, he thinks, unusual opportunities for knowing the United States. He may not understand the United States, but it is not the mental cloud-burst to him that it is to the visiting lecturer or impressionist from the other side of the Atlantic. He is neither dazzled nor frightened by the vastness of "the States," and he needs no interpreter to grasp the language or aspirations of the common people therein. And, if you add to this, that the typical Canadian feels that the United States is an oppressive factor in his life, that every time he gets a chance to attack it he is only giving tit for tat—"getting his own back"—you will realize why pot-shotting the United States is the Canadian's favorite sport.

Perhaps the pot-shots are only playful ones; but often they arise from exasperation. The abysmal carelessness of the average American in petty international relationships causes some of this irritation—such trifling things as enclosing a stamped addressed envelope in a letter to a Canadian, bearing United States stamps, which happens hundreds of times per week. I was once secretary of a club affiliated with a large American association; frequently I would receive letters urging me to write to my congressman about something, or to help the United States' export trade. The Canadian isn't so poor, of course, that he cannot provide his own stamps, and he is sensible enough to make allowances for the careless supervision of a mailing list; but he himself seldom commits such a minor blunder when he communicates with an American. In that, he is more like the European, into whom—possibly because export trade is taught practically in the cradle—there is early drilled a better knowledge of how to handle foreign mail.

Anti-American feeling based on any count weightier than these trifles has, I think, two main contentions: the United States is Americanizing Canada; and the United States is squeezing Canada.

Either of these, you may say, is ridiculous; but read any Canadian newspaper, even the most conservative, for any short period, and you will find one or the other openly or subtly expressed. Travel in Canada, and you will be received with the utmost cordiality and hospitality, and not always because of your tourist's dollars, which to Canada nowadays are a highly important economic asset; but all the time you will receive the impression that the people are glad to see you so that they can make you understand and sympathize with their case. And to the credit of our American visitors, it should be added that most of them do go back with a fuller appreciation of our problems.

You can say, of course, that we are hyper-sensitive. Almost every small nation is that—we being a small nation because of sparse population, although huge in territory—especially when it is dominated by an aggressive next-door neighbor. It sees affronts in every innocent move and fears it is going to be gobbled up. Our people have been through an attack of the inferiority complex. Perhaps, if we had been as successful as we had hoped a few years ago, there would not have been so much of this inferiority complex. About two decades ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister of Canada, made the confident prediction that "the nineteenth century belongs to the United States, but the twentieth century belongs to Canada." But having

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passed the first quarter of "our" century, we find his anticipations far from realized; and that, on the contrary, this second quarter belongs, as its opening, still very much to you.

When Laurier spoke, Canada was experiencing the flood tide of an enormous immigration—not only from Europe, but from the United States as well. Railroads were being built at a rapid rate, town-sites by the hundreds were being launched every year, a huge industrial development seemed obvious. Optimism and boosterism filled the air. But war brought a swift reversal. We fought for four years, sent 8 percent of our *total* population overseas, and loaded ourselves up with war debts on a scale unequalled in the United States. You had no really serious aftermath of war; we did. Our development, which "flopped" in 1914, did not recover in the industrial revival and surge of mass production as yours did. As you entered this unparalleled wave of prosperity, we just about kept our heads above water. Immigrants stopped coming; or, if they did, they used our country merely as a boarding house en route to the United States. Our own people, attracted by your extraordinary activity and by your high wages, emigrated in large numbers themselves.

The net increase in our population, from the census year 1911 to the census year 1921, which period covered, as well as the War, the amazingly large immigration of 1911-14, was 1,581,841, or 22 percent. But after the War, from the census year 1921 to the 1927 government estimate, the net increase was only 600,817—less than 7 percent. During this period 811,340 immigrants entered Canada, so that somewhere the country actually lost some 210,523 people. Do you wonder, therefore, that when we look across the border we feel covetous? I admit, of course, that the pendulum shows indications, if not actually of swinging the other way, at least of wavering. Emigration from Canada to the United States is a little more hesitant; but we cannot jubilate if it is because industry in the United States is hesitant too. Our sad experience has ever been that a boom in the United States takes several months to benefit Canada, but that a slump is felt immediately.

So this bogey of Americanization has its roots in envy. We envy your prosperity, and most of all when you scratch around for export markets for your overproduction, and unload your surplus on us. Our own manufacturers very often find it tough sledding to produce for and distribute to our own much smaller market; but when they are faced by the competition of your mass production, and are not at all helped by a tariff which, like your own, is a political football, you can't blame them for yelling "Americanization!" We like your goods, and buy them on merit; but our own do not get a fair chance. Yours are so much better because you manufacture on so vast a scale. The most powerful selling force you have in Canada for American-made goods, if you only knew it, is the triumphant American magazine, which is so good and so cheap that no Canadian periodical, produced for a nine-million country instead of a 115-million country, can ever hope to rival its contents or format. Its advertising pages are the chief thing that put your goods over to our customers.

Commercial penetration is inevitably followed by cultural penetration. It probably always was. It may be a misnomer to call the popular American magazine and the American film "culture"; but these two things, in particular, exercise a powerful influence in shaping thought, especially of the younger generation. The more rabid anti-Americans do not cease from agitating for an embargo or a prohibitive tariff. Were Canada bigger, could it produce its own magazines or films on a twenty-five-million or fifty-million basis, were its film exchanges and its newsstands not in the grip of combines dictated by American capital, the situation would not be so acute; but at the present, however desirous it is of putting up a stiff competitive fight, it cannot.

And inasmuch as the American magazine or the American movie is not characterized by any particular inferiority complex, and inasmuch as the vast mass of readers or theater-goers is very indifferent, it follows that the latter rapidly absorb national sentiments which the pro-Canadian thinks are wrong. The blatancy of the American war-film, for example, was—and is, with its recent revival—such that the younger Canadian audience, who were in rompers during the war period, are left in considerable doubt whether Canada ever took part in the great conflict.

The irony is that the United States is full of Canadian artists, writers and actors of talent, who might have stayed home if they could have made a decent living, but who are forced by our very narrow market and smaller financial returns to seek a wider market. Sometimes their work comes back to us—as American!

What is "Americanization," anyway? To me, a Canadian, studying the fulminations of American politicians, it seems largely now a matter of being anti-European. I read a fine saying attributed to Theodore Roosevelt, that "no man is a true American who hates another country more than he loves his own"; but the extraordinary trouble taken in the United States to make political capital out of racial hatred—and especially to inflame the Irish and the German vote against Great Britain—is not a very edifying spectacle. I and 89.87 percent of my countrymen, according to the 1921 census, are of British stock, included in which are about 27 percent French-Canadians, who have lived under British rule for 170 years and who admire and prefer British political institutions. Over one-sixth of us (11.66 percent of the total population) were actually born in the British Isles. It does not inspire us with any respect for "Americanization" to see that it contains so frank an element of anti-British feeling; we would all have been ready, if

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King George V had asked us, to join an expedition against Mayor Thompson of Chicago.

Heaven knows that we all, in this country, love to "take a wallop" at Great Britain. "Downing Street" is a real bogey to our nationalistic politicians. Downing Street, probably, did not like our appointing a Canadian Minister to Washington, and accepting an American Minister at Ottawa, but might have preferred that we should continue diplomatic relations through the old roundabout channel of the British and American ambassadors to Washington and London. It probably did not like our insistence upon being a sovereign treaty-making nation. But it acquiesced. It had to. London is as remote now in our political life as Tokio. But we have not yet reached the point where, to show our Canadianism, we find it essential to denounce and vilify Great Britain.

And as regards non-British people, numbering some 10 percent-odd of our population, I find them singularly free from any hatred of either Great Britain or of the country which gave them birth. To my mind, this is due primarily to the reason that we haven't succeeded in putting them through any "melting pot" process. We haven't tried to force Canadianism—whatever that is—down their throats.

Now we can turn to the fear that the United States is "squeezing" Canada. Rightly or wrongly, the typical Canadian viewpoint of Uncle Sam is of a gigantic and powerful personage with imperialistic cravings, who has developed his own natural resources to the point where depletion is in sight and who casts covetous eyes at the rich but unexploited resources of Canada and Mexico. Such resources he intends to possess, by fair means or foul. Typical of this imperialistic attitude are these:

1. In selling American goods to Canadian consumers, many American manufacturers refuse to establish Canadian plants or to use Canadian advertising.

2. Although Canadian money is practically at par in New York (being on this day that I write at a discount of only one thirty-second of 1 percent), and although American money is accepted unhesitatingly in Canada, American storekeepers and hotels and even American banks discount the Canadian tourist's money at from 2 to 10 percent.

3. In the matter of the "movies," American capital has secured control of the cinema business in Canada, and refuses to let British-made or French-made films get a decent showing.

4. The United States disregards international treaties, as, for example, it disregards the protest made by Canada that the Chicago River water diversion takes almost twice as much water from Lake Michigan as the treaty allows, this "steal" having the effect of seriously lowering the levels of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the St. Lawrence River.

5. The United States is holding a big stick over Canada in the matter of the St. Lawrence Waterway.

The last instance is worth enlarging upon. The creation of a deep sea waterway from Lake Ontario to Montreal is a huge project that may or may not be advantageous to commerce. The attitude in Canada toward it was until recently the reflection of where one lived; east of Toronto everyone was against it, because it seemed to suggest that the ports of Montreal and Quebec would lose business. In Toronto most were for it, partly because it would injure Montreal; in points west as far as the Rockies, it seemed to imply lower freight rates on export grain. Beyond the Rockies there was indifference. But now the apparently unseemly haste of the United States to commence the project has tended to crystallize unanimous feeling against it. Canada has, after all, the major interest in the St. Lawrence River, but the United States would benefit most. Canada has its own commercial problems to solve—why, then, should Canada go to enormous expense to benefit the commerce of the United States? Latterly, indeed, there has arisen in Canada a new form of antagonism, which holds that the St. Lawrence Waterway is only a camouflage for power development, and that the United States intends to grab all the resulting power. Premier Taschereau of Quebec, already quoted in reference to Lindbergh, has been the leading antagonist of the export of power; although the published correspondence between Secretary of State Kellogg and the Canadian Minister in Washington seemed to have developed much the same attitude in the Hon. Vincent Massey.

If you want to get a Canadian really and truly angry, you can adopt no better way than by referring to the international boundary as "that invisible line." One hears that platitude at banquets, and on occasions when Rotarians get together; and to the Canadian it always preludes another "squeeze." He retorts that, physically speaking, the line is not invisible either way to the customs and immigration officials, nor to the Hon. Vincent Massey nor the Hon. William Phillips, U. S. Minister at Ottawa. He is as keen for world-peace as any man, but he is no sharer in the belief that you will get it by pooh-poohing the national consciousness of other races, or by blah-blahing those races with Grand Rapids or Detroit oratory to the effect that we are all—cheers and weeping!—members of one human family trying to get along, in order to sell them more Grand Rapids furniture or more Detroit automobiles.

That is why the Canadian, although his political future is a puzzle, is no adherent of Pan-Americanism. He does not, I think, have much conception of what Pan-Americanism is, except that it is a possible attempt of the United States to control the trade of the Pacific Ocean; but the fact that the United States is for it leads Canada, I am afraid, to be almost automatically "agin it." Canada takes rather a delight in "being agin" anything the United States is for; and it even sympathizes with those Southern states—where Canadians, as I know from experience, are very popular—which still carry the grudge of the 'sixties against the Union.

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So, having talked to you United States like Roosevelt's very polite but very insistent Dutch uncle, I can only add that if these views were held by me alone they would be worth just that; but unfortunately there is good reason to believe that they are held by a very large majority of my countrymen who were born here—who number 78 per per-cent of our people—and by practically all our British-born immigrants.

WILLIAM YORK.

At the Shrine

NO ONE knows just how they started, these stories of miraculous cures at the grave of an unknown priest in the Holy Cross Cemetery at Malden. But, since the first newspaper publicity, there has been an almost continual stream of the faithful along the gravel path that leads to the "shrine," thousands have thrown themselves prostrate upon the grave, rubbed themselves with its covering loam, anointed themselves with holy water and left behind offerings of silver and gold. Crippled and diseased, old and young, rich and poor, in sun and rain, day and night, tens of thousands of them have come to join the endless file beneath the leafless trees and past the semi-Gothic chapel where the prayers are said.

Father Patrick Power has been dead for sixty years. While he lived he was little known—an obscure priest who never had a parish of his own. Thirty years after his death, so the story goes, the grass on his grave remained green when all around it was yellow and dying. Candles placed upon his grave kept burning when candles placed on other graves flickered and went out. The grave took on a special significance and once or twice cures were reported to have happened there. But the rank and file of the faithful knew nothing about it, and only those who heard about it in a casual way went there to do homage. Three weeks ago a tabloid newspaper resurrected the story of the grave's strange, uncanny power; it told of cures of the afflicted reported there; the story spread to the front pages of the Boston press until such a wave of religious hysteria as has never been known before in Massachusetts has brought fully eight hundred thousand people in the past three weeks into the cemetery to fall on their knees and kiss the obscure grave of the unknown priest.

Twice has Cardinal William O'Connell visited the grave, and the report is current that the machinery of the Church has been started toward making the Malden grave a shrine on a par with St. Anne de Beaupré and with Lourdes. But, whether or not this is so, surely no modern city has ever seen in this century such an overwhelming outpouring of maimed and crippled, diseased and idiot, seeking to regain their health from the supernatural.

Darkness had fallen when I boarded the street car in the dismal elevated terminal at Everett. There was no need to ask the way. One followed the crowd. Irish, Italians, French Canucks, Americans, white, black—a motley mixture of races with Irish predominating—were heading towards the shrine. Extra cars were being run out into the outskirts of Malden where the graveyard is. On my car an ancient crone, a crippled girl, an idiot boy with his plodding Irish father and care-worn mother, a young couple, well dressed and well fed, stood out from the mediocrity of the others. None of them smiled, and on the faces of all these hopefuls who were going to offer prayers for themselves, and for others, perhaps, who could not go themselves, there was stamped a dumb, appealing, saint-like look; faith that the scales and scabs would fall off their bodies, that withered limbs would strengthen and be straight, that eyes used to darkness would see again, that minds would assume intelligence and that health would come to them all.

Silent as cattle they sat there, and no one minded his neighbor. The car jerked its way along, through the brighter lights of Everett Square, out of the dark thoroughfare. None got off; it was as if it had been a special car sent only to carry the pilgrims. Finally it stopped, and one knew one was at last at Holy Cross. As far as one could see, on either side of the street, cars were parked. Hundreds of others were looking for a space. Policemen, imbued with a suspicious courtesy, guided the faithful across the street. By the iron gate that bars the way of automobiles—except those which arrive in quick succession bearing the maimed and the paralyzed—police herd the growing crowd into two lines. Two single files, that go up the hill, wind through the graves, and reach at the end the spot where Father Power lies.

Strong men guide ancient women who hobble painfully along. Young toughs mingle with the crowds and try to look less hard than usual. A mother carries a baby, its lifeless legs dangling like a doll's legs from beneath its little skirts. A toil-bent laborer staggers a bit; a little girl leads a woman who cannot see her way; two boys push a twisted, tortured paralytic wreck in a wheel chair; a gibbering idiot is carefully led along by his harassed but faithful mother; one man, his face all sores like the face of Lazarus, slumps down into the collar of his coat. The ground is drying from an afternoon of rain and the wind is chill. A moon sheds light palely on the gravelled walk, shines in

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the puddles by the roadside. The lights of a car come up the hill—another cripple on a stretcher, brought out into the night to be healed by faith where the hands of science have failed.

Two thin lines going up the hill. Hardly any talk from anyone; not a laugh anywhere; scarcely a smile, except from a mother bearing her infant whose two eyes look inward at each other; but in the faces of them all that look of dumb faith in something they cannot explain, but which they believe as strongly as it is possible for humans to believe. The line never breaks, and it never ends. At midnight it will be the same, and when the dawn comes it will be moving there, just as it is now. I fall in with the rest, and, inch by inch, creep closer to the resting place of Father Patrick Power. In front of me is a woman. She, like myself, is cold, but she stands there as patiently as centuries ago women stood to watch the passing of the Christ. In front of her is her husband. They are Italians, and his face is wet with tears. His big brown eyes are pleading, his lips move in prayer. For in his arms is the child of their union, and if the faith of these two can make her whole again—well, then there are miracles. For her eyes see not, her legs feel not, her mouth hangs open and never utters a sound. Nor can she hear the plodding, shuffling feet, nor the murmuring of prayers as the slow line moves along.

I follow these two, fascinated. Hope fills them; hope, and faith. At last the grave is reached. Two policemen, patient as Job, are exhorting the crowd. "Just touch the shrine. The chapel is open for prayer. Be quick and let the cripples have a chance." It is a singsong, repeated from morn till night. With gentle hands they lead the father and the mother and the unhuman child to a place. Crossing themselves the parents kneel. The father holds the baby over the shrine. He places a candle in her senseless hands; it falls out; he picks it up. He holds it there. With his other hand he scoops up the dank earth of the grave. He rubs it on the withered legs, the sightless eyes, the dumb mouth. He crosses himself again and from a bottle pours holy water on the thin dress of his bambino. Tears streak down his olive cheeks and his lips are moving in continuous prayer. The child, whose tam o' shanter keeps falling off for the mother to place on again with shaking hands, grins horribly and tries to babble. Five minutes they stay there. Even the police are moved, and do not hurry them. Once more the father scoops up the earth and rubs the members of this luckless child. He puts her on her feet, his face now alight with wonder, with hope, with faith. His bambino tumbles in a heap at his feet and does not move. It is like a slap in the face to the father. He gathers her up, crying; the mother's weeping can be heard. They move off—to the chapel. To pray.

The line moves on. Twenty people at a time can kneel around the grave where vigil lights in little red tumblers flicker in the chill wind. The grave, whence the marker has been removed since the crowds began coming, is covered with coins and bills which have been dropped there by the moving mob. For a few seconds the faithful kneel, cross themselves, say a prayer. Then they are urged on by the two policemen. Others take their places. The cripples have the right of way. Some of them fling themselves down in ludicrous, pitiful positions. They babble their prayers and rub their sores with dirt that is damp and sticky. Some carry away handfuls of it and every now and then a laborer brings more in a shovel to sprinkle over the shrine. Gifts are left there, wrapped in paper. Some light tapers there and blow them out. The center of the grave is a mass of wax from the vigil lights.

A man in a wheel chair is brought up. He is lifted out. He hasn't walked for twelve years. The crowd closes in. He says his prayers and rubs his legs, from which the trousers have been removed, with dirt. He works it in around the heavy braces. He is there ten minutes. Then he is lifted to his wheel chair again. Away from the grave two friends laboriously remove the braces and with an effort lift him to his feet. He smiles and strains. They step aside—only to spring back and catch him as he falls heavily to the ground. A young man in derby hat and tight fitting overcoat says, "You must have faith. Others have walked and you can. Go to the chapel and pray and almighty God will make you walk." The man is crying, so is everyone around him. He is wheeled off to the chapel on the hill. "God, but my legs hurt," he whimpers, and he tries to choke back the tears.

I go to the chapel. The father with his bambino has just reached the altar rail. He lights a taper, he prays, he counts his beads. He rubs the afflicted baby—as hundreds of others have done—against the statue of the Christ upon the Cross. His face is hopeful again and, his prayers finished, he moves off—to visit the shrine and go through it all once more. The chapel is crowded and the air is rank with body-smells and burning paraffin. A boy in dungarees keeps replacing burnt-out vigil lights. Firemen in uniform keep the crowd lined up. Here one may pray as long as one desires. The crowd which has gone up to the grave comes here and prays and prays. The cripples, the diseased, the deaf and the dumb, they come or are brought. Some are borne down the aisle on stretchers, some carried like drunken men between supporting comrades. There are more women, but there are hundreds of men. Babes in arms are plentiful; children, middle-aged, ancients—from every walk of life. Some just curious, but all silent and imbued with a religious hysteria that makes them all akin. The only music in the chapel is the clink of coins being cast at the altar rail.

Day and night this keeps up. For three weeks now the crowds have been growing greater and greater. The stories in the newspapers of cures have been increasing daily. In the eight hours I wandered about I saw no cripple suddenly walk, no

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dumb person speak, no blind man cast away his darkened glasses. But in the chapel the pile of braces and crutches, canes and spectacles grows larger all the time. The Herald has run a full-page feature story of a cure, the first that not only has taken place, but has lasted beyond the hysteria at the graveside. And while the Church has not yet spoken, except to defend shrines in general, it has not condemned. The cemetery, presided over by the brother of Cardinal O'Connell, stays open twenty-four hours a day and pilgrims to the extent of fifty thousand in one single day come flocking to the grave.

At last I left. It would be wrong to say one is not moved at this graveyard teeming with those who believe, with those who have some secret assurance that cures which the doctors cannot effect can be brought about by the rubbing in of the dank dirt from a grave. I went down the hill. The two lines were longer now, and the faithful stood closer together. Every so often the iron gates opened, and a car with its freight of twisted humanity passed by. I stand to take one last glimpse of this sight unprecedented in New England religious history.

To myself I say, "The faith that passeth understanding—"

Outside a raucous newsboy screams, "Get your picture of Father Power! Only two cents! Get your picture—"

I look at the hot-dog stands that have grown up like mushrooms. I watch the hundreds of motor cars, the thousands of people on foot. I think of the first story in the tabloid newspaper two weeks ago. I pass on. I have seen the shrine.

KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER.

Malden, Mass.

Shall We Keep the Childen Out of School?

WE ARE told that these United States now expend on schools and colleges more money than does all the rest of the world. There is a far larger proportion of our youth and adults constantly attending schools in this country than in any other country in the world. On the other hand, many critics, and frequently very competent ones, express grave disappointment with the results of our elaborate and varied systems of school education.

But our enthusiasts for volume of education are not dismayed. "The cure for the ills of our schools is more schools—schools for the very young and schools for the full-grown," they say, in effect.

In a variety of ways large proportions of Americans have always been excessively in a hurry. Often we have become so enamored of *means* that we have cherished them as *ends*. Are we tending now to exhibit these failings in connection with certain kinds of education? The present writer believes that such is the case conspicuously with some partly developed, and some still inceptive, types of schools for young children.

These are his major contentions: Only small proportions of children from four to six years of age are so circumstanced that educational agencies supplemental to their homes are really needed for them. Schools or other similar agencies should be provided for children from two to four years of age only when these are being reared under very exceptional or abnormal family conditions. And wherever household surroundings are fairly wholesome and normal it will prove of very great advantage to children of superior intellectual heredity to withhold them almost altogether from school attendance until nine or even ten years of age.

To the foregoing hypotheses should be added these others: Even the most progressive kindergartens are in their effects over-stimulating agencies for children from suburban and village environments. Nursery schools, even when conducted in accordance with the best educational ideals now available, provide excessively mechanical and regimented surroundings for the wholesome growth of infants. The tax imposed upon the nervous organization of a bright, sensitive girl of eight or nine years of age by 180 days' attendance, per year, on the highly routine procedures of even an excellent primary school constitutes a needlessly harmful preparation for physical and other strains, later to be encountered in our speeded-up civilization.

Between the educational philosophy implicit in the positions suggested above, and that of the thousands of men and women who are now enthusiastically promoting kindergartens, nursery schools and "child-centered" primary schools everywhere in the United States and in some foreign lands, there may seem to be a kind of psychological chasm. But the writer doubts if such is the case. He thinks that the two philosophies of education have much the same ends in view. But in his estimation the one tends so greatly to overvalue purposive enrichments and stimulations of various forms of child growth as constantly to run the risk of surrounding the very plastic child with the equivalents of green-house conditions. The other attaches much importance to

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the gradual growth and ripening of childish powers, and especially those of social, intellectual, and emotional kinds. The educational theories of large proportions of the "progressive" educators seem to imply only slight confidence in the growth-fostering powers of prevailing types of homes, and they seem suspicious of the capacities of children to achieve hundreds of kinds of physical, moral, or even "creative" growths through their parentally supervised and very unforced interactions with their extra-school material and human environments. But the writer contends that though the numerous and varied growths and learnings achieved by children from one to ten years of age in a fairly normal home environment are far from spectacular, nevertheless they usually are, with some exceptions, of the wholesome kinds, and especially of the moderate intensities which make for soundest manhood and womanhood, in the long run.

It is no biological accident that among all animal species "the prolongation of infancy" has evolved most in our own. In a sociological sense it is no accident that, whereas greedy or stupid or vain parents tend often to hasten the maturing of their children by putting them early at wage-earning work, or expecting them to assume responsibilities beyond their years, or hurrying their promotions through school and into college, increasing proportions of wiser parents are withholding their children from school, between the ages of six and nine, and even for further intervals during later years.

It is frequently alleged, of course, that kindergarten and nursery schools are not schools at all, in the old sense. In fact, their chief functions are to provide for just the normal varied growth conditions above suggested, it will be said. We know, indeed, "that Froebel's original idea was to train mothers to teach their children in the home rather than to organize schools and systems of teaching outside the home." The first kindergartens in America "were often located in the worst slums of our cities, and were conducted (philanthropically) by the finest type of America's young women"—as are not a few of the experimentally-developing nursery schools of our cities today.

But what is pioneering and experimental today tends to become institutional tomorrow—if it appeals strongly to tender sentiment and is forwarded by vigorous, well meant propaganda. What educational values are to be expected from kindergartens and nursery schools when they become (as they easily can in an emotionally responsive democracy) parts of necessarily regimented and civil-serviced school systems? What wide-spread, even if subtle, injuries to armies of tender children may not result from such mechanizations of the conditions of early emotional, social, and intellectual growth?

It is disturbing and difficult to criticize the aspirations of the fine men and women now so enthusiastically engaged in promoting schools for young children, because in certain respects these aspirations are legitimate and constructive—at least they seem so as long as they are stated only in general terms and do not reach the stage of concrete programs.

It is, of course, true that the chief, if not nearly the only, business in life of little children is to grow. It is true that the wholesome growths of children are of hundreds of essential kinds—growths of bodily organs, of muscular coördinations, of moral sentiments, of intellectual experience, and of social coöperations. As means to these numerous forms of growth, small children need proper foods, adequate shelters, much sunshine, play-places and companions. They need safe roaming spaces and implements and stories and pets. And they need, no less, imitable examples and controls of speech and games, of hygienic routines and personal arts, and of childish explorations and inventions.

Having analyzed qualitatively the hundreds of kinds of growths and means thereto essential to, or optimum for, wholesome childhood, whether at age one or five or nine, it becomes fairly easy for the experienced observer to detect insufficiency or excess along some lines. Many of us think we now possess standards whereby to judge whether little Johnny is undernourished or his sister Mary overclothed. We feel ourselves on much less certain ground when asked to decide whether three-year-old Lucy has too few playthings or five-year-old Henry too many companions of nearly his own age. With how much less confidence, then, must the cautious student approach the problems of what constitutes optimum amounts of esthetic stimulation or social regimentation or constructive handwork for two year olds or four year olds?

In other words, though sympathetic students of normalcy in childhood can now distinguish qualitatively, as earlier indicated, hundreds of valuable lines of growth, some of which can profitably be controlled as "educations," they can offer but few suggestions yet in answer to the question "how much is enough?"

Now, it is the conviction of the writer, as suggested above, that in a great variety of respects enthusiasts for kindergarten and nursery schools tend to over-estimate or wrongly to estimate the needs of children from fairly normal homes for the particular kinds of growth and means of growth which school-like agencies can most conveniently supply. It is his conviction that, for children from moderately good village or suburban homes, the usual run of "child-centered schools" provides an excess of stories, of music, of toys, of manipulative arts and of companionship. In spite, often, of good intentions to the contrary, daily programs are too severely regimented, activities too much directed, emergencies too soon anticipated, coöperations too much enforced.

In the light of any real knowledge we possess today, can anyone seriously contend that the households and environments of perhaps 60 percent of American small children do not provide in nearly adequate degree, not only the means of nurture, sleep, security and shelter, but also the essential

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conditions and means for physical play, for companionship of elders, for coöperations with coevals, for intellectual growth and for stimulation of esthetic sensibilities?

Of course, there are some households in which children get insufficient or seriously wrong food. There are homes which offer no sunshine, and others with only the most meager of play spaces. Some babies have only harsh and forbidding adult companionship, whilst others from four to nine years old have no playfellows of their own age. Perhaps some rural, as well as some urban, children of tender years are intellectually, emotionally and esthetically starved, though our present knowledge of what constitutes optimum quantities of stimulation in these fields between one and two years, or four and five, or eight and nine, is at least as meager as was that of eighteenth-century physicians as to what constituted suitable foods for the sick.

Any society generously devoted to human conservation is, of course, going to search out these unfortunately environed and still very plastic children and somehow provide for their needs—food, if they are hungry, companions, if they are lonely, play places for the shut-ins, and stories for the intellectually undernourished.

Perhaps the many-storied apartment homes of our large cities should regularly be supplemented by growth-promoting agencies designed to compensate for the more pronounced deficiencies of such excessively artificialized environments — though the present writer believes that agencies designed for such a primary purpose would partake far more of the character of outdoor playgrounds than of the indoor kindergartens now integrated into our vast urban school buildings. In fact, when seeking to emphasize this aspect of the growth promotion of small children for his students of education, the writer is wont to recommend the enactment of a law prohibiting the holding of kindergartens indoors at all! We do not have flower gardens indoors, do we—except the hot-house kind? Why, any more, if we desire to avoid greenhouse growths for our children, should we have "child gardens" indoors?

It will, of course, be contended that these children need many other fosterings than those induced by clean and safe play places. But do they? All, or some only? And what particular kinds of growths?

Further development of analytical inquiries like the foregoing will readily convince an unsentimental investigator how deficient in reasonable standards of "how much is enough" are the present kindergarten and nursery school movements—that is, of course, where they are being carried beyond the experimental stages. Too much praise cannot be given, it should be said in passing, to the child welfare centers, the child guidance clinics, and the experimental schools, if such they should be called, which are assembling facilities and personnel for the study of abnormal home situations, pathological growth conditions, or other injury-producing factors in child life.

DAVID SNEDDEN.

Washington Notes

PURPOSELY avoiding what the more profound of our publicists love to refer to as "the broad view," and looking at things exclusively from the narrow but practical political angle, it is quite impossible to say at this moment whether the vast stock market smash and the business depression which is concededly inevitable—in greater or less degree—as a result, will prove politically disastrous, or an actual boon to Mr. Hoover and his administration. In less than a year we shall certainly know, but not now. It may ruin him politically; it may make him a one-term President; it may cause all his plans to bog down and go wrong. On the other hand, the present economic slump may easily turn out to be the means by which all his other failures and mistakes are retrieved and obliterated. It may end in achieving for him a prestige that future sins of omission or commission cannot dim.

At present there are the two ways of looking at it. You can, if you like, believe, as a great many do, that speaking politically, no President can survive an economic catastrophe such as this, occurring within a year of his election. Unreasonable and unjust though it be, the moronic masses will inevitably associate Mr. Hoover with bad times and contrast him with the smug and solemn Coolidge, who had perhaps more good luck as to the period of his presidency than any other occupant of the White House since the Republic began. Solely because of the ebbing of the high prosperity tide, public sentiment will sour on Mr. Hoover, and thus will magnify all his multitudinous ineptitudes in dealing with Congress and in general political maneuvers. They will, under these conditions, appear very much more important and a great deal worse than they are. Criticism of him, for practically anything, will take hold with cruel effectiveness. Everything that can be blamed on him, will be, by everybody. That is the view naturally held by those hostile to Mr. Hoover. It is also held by quite a few detached observers who harbor neither hostility nor friendship toward the present White House occupant, but are inherently skeptical of "efficiency engineers" and "great constructive geniuses."

The other view is cherished by sympathetic Hoover Republicans in the House of Representatives, by the "New Guard" Republican Senators, by the hard-worked and harassed Secretariat, by the Medicine-Ball Boys, by the chief journalistic spokesmen and, with particular strength, by the small army of Hoover followers who, in one capacity or another, served with the "Chief" either here or abroad before he became President. What these various and sundry groups contend is that this kind of situation is where Mr. Hoover functions 100 percent. Economic emergencies are his dish. He is at home dealing with them. Better than any other man in public life, he is equipped to handle economic problems and solve business difficulties. Here he is sure-footed and skillful, knowing the ground thoroughly and walking with none of the indecision and awkwardness that characterize him when treading the tortuous paths of politics.

Already, it is claimed, the speed and energy with which he has acted have changed the psychology of the country, stabilized conditions, started things on the upgrade. The confident forecast of men who, in this crisis, have been closer to him than anyone else, is that by June 1 of next

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year, trade conditions will have been restored to normal. They do not contend, of course, that stocks will be selling at the same ridiculously unsound level as before the crash. What they assert is that industry will again, by that time, be healthful and sound, that the depression will have disappeared, that there will be no unemployment, and the buying disposition as well as the buying power will have been recovered. Further, their belief is that all this will not only be due to the courage and capacity of the "Chief" in dealing with the crisis, but will be recognized by the people everywhere—particularly by business men—as directly due to him. The credit, say they, that will then be his as a President who faced a crash for which he was not in the least responsible, and by intelligent action restored the national industrial health, will be far greater than if he had had no such situation. Already, I am told, the unredeemed pledge to the farmer, the flat failure of the extra session, the foolish Hiram Johnson incident, and the general mess made of the tariff situation have been blurred and rendered trivial by the intense interest in the White House industrial conferences with railroad heads, bankers, business men, representatives of labor, agriculture and capital—the big idea being to have the dominant men in every great national group march together in a coöperative effort toward restoration.

This is what is known as the "broad view." It is referred to by the Hoover spokesmen as "visualizing the country as a whole." Beyond doubt, it is the role in which Mr. Hoover shows to best advantage. Beyond doubt, too, descriptions of him calling to the White House group after group of men and sending them forth to stimulate trade and strengthen the national morale is perfectly splendid publicity. It presents a picture of a President performing in the grand presidential manner and is unquestionably impressive so far as the general run of people are concerned. It is Hoover doing his stuff, and they like to see it. Further, I concede that the picture of the Hoover activities of the present day has done something to blur the picture of him as a futile leader of his party in a Congress where he has a greater party majority in both branches than he is apt to have again. But, handsome as the new picture is, it will fade very quickly if his activities do not produce the anticipated and gratifying results. Whether or not they will, I make no pretense of knowing. Moreover, it is my conviction that no one knows or can know, including the "Chief" himself, whose ability in economic affairs I do not disparage, but whose omniscience I am not prepared to admit. Of course, I do not question that the steps he has taken, and is about to take, are sound and helpful. It is further a matter of congratulation that in a time like this the President is not a puny specimen of solemn inertia.

However, it does seem to me that to say that in six months, or eight months, or a year, or two years, conditions will be normal and all trouble will have disappeared, is merely to guess. I have no doubt that some time or other, everything will be lovely again and the goose hanging very high. If the Hoover wise boys guess right, then all will be well with their hero in 1932. But if they guess wrong—and some of our very best diagnosticians make mistakes as to time—things will not be well with him at all, but most completely bad. One of my beliefs about Mr. Hoover is that if things ever do get bad with him they will get very, very bad indeed. It looks to me now as if things have not politically broken one way or the other for Mr. Hoover as yet. I think they will very definitely break within the next year, but the direction is uncertain. In the meantime, it is not only interesting but heartening to see a President in action when action is needed. It makes you wish him luck—particularly as luck for him means luck for all of us. Only a soft-head carries political prejudices to the point of wanting a long-continued and bad business depression.

Washington. T. R. B.

Old Louisiana

Old Louisiana, by Lyle Saxon. New York: Century Company. 338 *pages.* $5.

YOU must be a Southerner, perhaps, to know how true this book of Mr. Lyle Saxon's is; but you have only to be interested in time and the world, in old days and changing states, in houses and gardens and rivers to find it delightful. "Old Louisiana" is not a history in a definite sense, not tabulated and full of movements and signs and portents. It has a more secure way. It is not even dated, but lets Christmas last year run into the last century, and some story of a hundred years ago be a part of today in some old house; now we are at the breakdown, seeing the Negroes dance, knowing there will be a fight, now we are reading some old letter of 1800, or following some trial in French, or waiting for some event long before the Americans had bought Louisiana from Napoleon or Louisiana had even been given back by the Spaniards to the French. The book is, by its own inner compulsion, all one piece; and though there is always a sense of passing, there is curiously no sense of death. This is one of the gifts that has fallen to the author, and that endows his book with so gentle and friendly a relish for life. It is a happy, wistful, busy, engaging book, persuasive and rich, full of lovely reminders and full of good sense.

Where I grew up, in a country not far from Mr. Saxon's, he could never have written such a book as this. General Grant had visited North Mississippi and most of the houses had been burnt and all of them plundered. But those plantations scattered over Louisiana were not so ravaged. Mr. Saxon has been led to hospitable garrets, presented with letters, faced with portraits and shown family belongings inexhaustibly. For this collection he has read thousands of pages of letters and diaries, records of trials, old books, newspapers, invitations, advertisements and ledgers. He has heard tales, recollections, scandals and gossip, without haste, without skimping the details, in the course of those conversations that still go on in the South, where people like to sit together and talk, for the pleasure of it, hours and hours, on porches, around hearths, at tables where the food is seasoned and lingered over.

The volume's contents can describe it somewhat. There is the story of the Dangerfields, gay, vague, casual and magnificent, talking, riding, putting the ram in bed to take up the fleas, losing their larger plantation, moving splendidly to another, smaller, but what of that? There is the story of Monsieur Baby, who came with Bienville's successor, the new governor the Marquis de Vaudeuil, under whom the first play, "The Indian Father," was given in Louisiana in 1753; Baby was the first dancing master. He gave lessons to fashionable scholars, and then got to riding about the country on his mule to rich plantations, on the way to one of which he repulsed a band of Indians with his cries and kicks, defended the house of his friends from them, and died of a wound gallantly received. There is Temba, a slave who shot his master and was tortured on the wheel, hanged, his hands and feet afterward cut off and

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his body left dangling on the gibbet. We read of New Orleans, the city of sin, toward which they looked forward eagerly, those hardy backwoodsmen and farmers and fur-traders from the North, coming down the great river on their flatboats and rafts to sell their stores and filling their hands with gold. We read old programs of fireworks and fights between six bulldogs and a black bear, between a tiger and a bear, and so on. We read the history of the fortunes so quickly made during the last thirty years before the Civil War; plantations selling for half-a-million dollars and paying for themselves after a few seasons, in that richest land anywhere in the world. We read of Pauline, the mulatto slave, who was hanged in March, 1846, for torturing her mistress and the mistress' children to the point of death. And, on the pleasanter side, there are the weddings, parties, balls, *fêtes champêtres,* and that album of a hundred songs, so many of them written there at home, "The Shower of Pearls," "Les Belles de la Côte Joyeuse" and so on; and Mr. Hall's book, "The Bliss of Marriage, or How to Get a Rich Wife," which he caused to be printed in 1858, and in which, after many essays about love and happiness, he provides a list of eligible ladies and gentlemen, a good Victorian piece of sentiment and practicality combined, and with Victorian delicacy gives the names of the gentlemen, but for the ladies only initials.

D. C. Jenkins.....$150,000.00
C. D. Dreaux..... 199,000.00
Miss R. 250,000.00
Miss H. Z. 200,000.00

Miss M. E. D. is listed at $300,000.00, with the word "intellectual" after her name.

Mr. Saxon gives us a full account of that Simon Legree whose plantation on Red River was by tradition the model used by Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe's brother had visited on Red River, Simon Legree was cruel to his slaves, and there was a black Tom. So that the legend seems at least to have better grounds than most. Toward the end of the book, there is a little itinerary of plantations, of those, we must remember, that have not yet been taken by the changing course of the Mississippi—Melrose, Parlange, Belle Grove, Magnolia, Uncle Sam, Marco, Shadows on the Teche, and many others, some of them from the earlier French days, some Spanish, many built in the later American tradition—many of them well drawn by Mr. Suydam to serve as illustrations. There is a chapter of Negro superstitions:

> If you throw salt after a stranger leaving your house, he will never return.
>
> It's bad luck to put a hat on the bed; it drives lovers from the house.
>
> If a baby has thrash, there is one sure cure: a little boy who has never seen his own father must blow into the child's mouth.

And another chapter of proverbs:

> Cat mighty dignified till de dog come by.
> You've got to tie your handkerchief to fit yo' haid.
> De nigger is luckier'n de white man at night.

But the happiest item in the book is that diary of Lestant Prudhomme. By a stroke of genius on Mr. Saxon's part, a straight section of this diary is allowed us, a sixth of its great length. This Lestant Prudhomme was a young Creole gentleman who lived on his father's plantation on Cane River, near Natchitoches. He was studying law at home, and in order to perfect himself in English, wrote a diary. An ordinary, well-bred and amiable young man, setting down the things of every day, how perfectly he conveys this life to us! He records simple things, visits of uncles and cousins, one's walks, one's studies, the boats on the river, with their passengers, guests, and newspapers from the far-off world of Europe and the North, the illnesses, card games, the *soirée,* the *veillé,* the hunting, the body servant awakening him in the morning with the coffee, the family circle. Strangers are not always so perfect, but there is no criticism of any of his circle; these friends and intermarried families, they are all delightful, welcome and charming. They have dinner in one house and supper in another, after which there is the *soirée* at home, and then the night spent in yet another house, Aunt Phanor's perhaps, where Leonce Rocques and his lady are paying a visit. He sets it all down—even to the barrel of oysters, or the present of cognac on his father's return from the city—minutely, always politely, sometimes gallantly. We begin on January 29, 1850, and read the diary, day by day. At length, it is Holy Week, and Lestant goes to Natchitoches—where the "little loves" have been sent to the convent—and attends church every day. Easter:

> All the fine dresses came out; the young ladies were loving and looked angelical, and the beaux were dressed up tip-top and had a noble, strapping appearance. The deportment of all was distinguished and delightful. We delighted in the company of the many sweet and charming belles that had this day met in Natchitoches. There were, in honor of the feast, dinners at which many persons attended, and who delighted in the pleasures of the good repast and gloried in the companies of young ladies where pleasure and amusement were foremost.

Meanwhile what of Blackstone and the studies, alas? Later he will have to go to stay in town, for the sake of his law, but that too will prove so pleasant and amiable that one forgets to work.

On Wednesday, June 19, the weather is most beautiful, but the heat warm. Edward Cloutier has gone away to Baltimore, for the purpose of studying dentistry. Mrs. Moreau and Aunt Benjamin and Lise have been visiting us. He has read hard that day and will work late into the night, for tomorrow he must take his mother and the children on a tour to Campti. Julie and he have accompanied Lise as far as Phanor's gate. For two or three days he has felt very dull, on account of his health and the sad and deep reflection into which he has been plunged.

The "Doswell" has passed on the river.

STARK YOUNG.

Pastoral

The hill was flowing with sheep,
The stream was shadowed and blown,
And love was so much our own
We loosed it and went to sleep.

We loosed it in sleep and still
In the windlessness of a dream
The sheep flowed over the hill,
The shadows blew over the stream.

MARION STROBEL.

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A COMMUNICATION

Free Ships or Free Seas?

SIR: Mr. Hoover's name is honorably and historically linked with his almost miraculous feeding of the multitudes in a wilderness of war. To that miracle he owes his presidency of the United States of America and his preëminence in the still disunited states of Europe. His gesture in now proposing the freedom of food-ships in war is, therefore, not only personally appropriate, but is heartily appreciated by us Europeans. We see in the American presidency a pitiful Providence placing its bow in the clouds as a covenant that there shall never again be such a deluge as will destroy utterly mankind—and that we may hopefully send out peace-doves from our arks of warships in which we have been embarked by our naval Noahs together with British lions, American eagles, Russian bears, French fighting cocks and all the antediluvian menagerie that had better have been left to drown in the deluge. We see in him a valiant adventurer, like that gallant merchant skipper at the siege of Derry who—when the warship captains would not face the boom—drove his food-ship at it and over it while the hunger-stricken inhabitants cheered him from the walls.

But, having as a Laborite joined heartily in the cheers, as an international politician and pacifist I am bound to question whether this step would carry us any further towards peace or even whether it is not a step backward. For now comes counsel for the Defence—the national defence—and points out that food blockade by sea power is not only a mighty but also a comparatively merciful weapon for securing the safety of sea peoples like those of the United Kingdom and the United States. And he is followed by counsel for the Plaintiff in the case of the People vs. Mars, who argues that a pacific food blockade is the only weapon short of war itself that can be a safeguard for peace and a sanction for pacific covenants. What is the President's answer to them?

To the argument that national security depends on the right of food blockade, he might answer that the effect of food blockade in the Great War has been exaggerated. And it is true that the collapse of the German front was only indirectly and insignificantly affected by the sufferings of the civilian population caused by the British food blockade. It is also true that, though the German submarine blockade brought the British within sight of the end of their food supplies, yet it would have taken a worse emergency than that to end British resistance. But the real answer to the argument that food blockade is essential to national security lies in the Great War having shown that in the future a surface blockade of merchant shipping by the warships of a belligerent will be both impracticable and ineffective. Future blockades will have to be—as they were at the end of the Great War—blockades not on the sea surface, but at the source, in the factories and farms, executed by a general control of commerce and enforced mainly by air power. Such a blockade cannot be imposed by any one power for its own private war. In other words, in all future wars of any importance, "private" blockades of a private enemy will be replaced by "public blockade" of a people adjudged by some consensus of opinion to be a "public enemy"—a pirate. Which was the situation to which Germany condemned itself by its submarine ruthlessness.

And that answer of free food-ship advocates to counsel for the national Defence makes the other argument—that of counsel for the Plaintiff—for the People—unanswerable. For it is not conceivable that the American people would agree to their new sea power—their parity in responsibility for maintaining the police of the sea and the peace of the world—being used to supply food to a people that the world's public opinion had condemned as a pirate and public enemy to be prosecuted for breach of the Geneva Covenant or of the Kellogg Pact. Therefore, the President's proposal must make provision for such a prosecution. Such a provision will imply a recognition in principle of "public blockade." And if freedom of food-ships is to be suspended in all cases of public blockade, why not also recognize the necessity in such cases of suspending that freedom of neutral munition ships that is so displeasing to public opinion, and that is putting the British in a dilemma between their obligations to the League and their observance of coöperation with the Americans?

The weakness of the President's proposal is that it is based on pre-war conditions and does not recognize that all the old issues of sea power have been revolutionized; politically, by the abolition of British supremacy through parity; juridically, by the abolition of neutrality through the post-War pacts and strategically, by the approximating abolition of sea power by air power. By thus ignoring new conditions it finds itself faced with all the old objections to similar mitigations of the severities of war—objections as to whether such mitigations are desirable in the cause of peace and enforceable in the conduct of war. For example, what is to be considered food? Most foodstuffs are of use for munition purposes. Will food-ships be respected even under guarantee of international pacts? Hospital ships were not invariably respected. Will the United States Navy undertake to enforce that guarantee and intervene in internecine European wars? If so, why not accept the responsibility for intervention on a clearer issue, one better adapted to post-Pact and post-Covenant conditions, and one less likely to arise?

The fact is that attempts to restrict war in respect to tons and guns, munitions, materials or methods are comparatively ineffective. The real objective of restriction should be that which was first successfully achieved over a century ago, and then subsequently abandoned for no good reason—namely, the sea itself. The prohibition of all naval bases and operations in certain seas is simple and easy of enforcement. It was done for the northwestern frontier of the United States in the Great Lakes over a century ago by the British and French peoples of Canada and by the Americans. This Rush-Bagot agreement has been rigidly respected ever since, in spite of frontier friction inciting them to war. Why cannot these peoples now similarly demilitarize the southern water frontier of the United States in the Caribbean (exclusive of the Panama Canal) and the water frontier of the British and French in the Channel? This would relieve the French of having to maintain a double strength of submarines to defend their Channel and Mediterranean coasts. It would also relieve the anxiety of the Chicago Tribune as to the British

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naval bases in the West Indies—and some of the anxiety of the British and French as to their exposure to a mutual airplane and submarine menace. Later, the same demilitarization might be extended to the Mediterranean, Baltic and the North Sea. Why should not the whole Pacific be demilitarized instead of, as now under the Washington Treaty, only a part of it? Such a restriction of war would be in line with the principle of the Peace Pact and League Covenant, instead of in derogation of that principle, as would be the facilitation of war by freeing food-ships. It would reduce the difficulty of American denial of the principle of public blockade instead of increasing it—as does the freeing of food-ships. Its guarantee would impose no greater call on American intervention than would the guarding of food-ships. Free seas, not free ships, is the right line of advance. Freeing seas, not freeing ships, is the true application of the freedom of the seas for which America has persistently contended and which it has now the power to impose.

GEORGE YOUNG.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Are Stock Market Crashes Preventable?

SIR: When will civilization have the correct answers to the questions contained in the concluding interrogatory paragraph of your editorial "Wall Street and Prosperity"? Never, until we are ready to face facts, call a spade a spade and learn from mistakes.

Progress cannot be made if we only listen to "bull" talk such as is now being issued by the Department of Commerce through its Assistant Secretary, Julius Klein, and has in the past been issued by other Government officials, from Calvin Coolidge down.

In a recent radio address, Julius Klein said: "A decline in security prices does not greatly affect the buying power of the community, on which buying power rests the activity of production. . . . . Real purchasing power is made up of wages, salaries, receipts from farmers, merchants, professional men, and others and the profits of industry. These factors have not been changed by the drop in stock prices. The national income of the United States at this moment is hardly a fraction less than it was a month ago."

Profits received from stock market transactions he evidently does not consider "purchasing power." True, they are not—when they are negative, to the extent of many billions. How can it be truly said that these tremendous losses "hardly" affect the income of the United States?

The sooner it is realized that the losses of the stock market cannot be confined to the speculators, the sooner it will be made impossible to borrow more money on stocks than they are actually worth. Using quotations on stocks as a basis for loans simply because they are listed on an exchange and changing hands is not sound practice, so cannot be safe.

Klein ignores the artificial, paper-profit prosperity of the last six years, caused by the increase in the quoted prices of listed stocks from about forty to eighty billion dollars. He ignores the fact that this difference of forty billion was profit to those that held the stocks and that these profits have been spent for automobiles, radios, etc. . . .

It is true that the loss of a paper profit is not a real loss because it was never a real profit; but to say that forty billions of supposed profit *really spent* "does not greatly affect the buying power of the community" is nonsense. . . .

Let us hope that the country may profit by this experience; and that ways will be found to prevent brokers from loaning money on the basis of stock *prices* in excess of what a prudent banker would loan on the basis of *value*.

St. Louis, Mo. LEWIS B. TEBBETTS.

A Lesson From Cincinnati

SIR: If the term, "great American city," in the opening sentence of "A Lesson from New York" (The New Republic, Oct. 16) had been extended to include those that hover around the half-a-million mark, you would have had to include Cincinnati. And then it is possible that the "leaning a little toward a belief in a Hamiltonian autocracy" would have been corrected slightly. Our city has been rated by Dr. Jerome Kerwin of the Department of Political Science of the University of Chicago, as having, equally with Berkeley, California, a score of ninety-five. This is the highest score achieved out of a possible hundred, New York being given seventy.

The reason that Cincinnati has become the best-governed "great American city," if the indulgence asked for is granted, is, in very great measure, because we have discarded the limited autocracy of the elected, but afterwards practically independent executive, for the democracy of the selected, but dependent and constantly controlled executive. That control is in the hands of a council elected by the Hare system of proportional representation. The combination of the principles of representation for all voters with control of the executive by the representative body is believed by many to be the most democratic form of government a large community can use. We in Cincinnati have found that it is as efficient as it is democratic, for both city tax rate and bonded indebtedness are decreasing, while the service we get for our tax dollars is amazing in quantity and quality.

If your category of great American cities takes good government and not size as its basis we shall expect another editorial headed "A Lesson from Cincinnati," which will lean away from Hamilton and toward Jefferson.

Cincinnati, O. WALTER J. MILLARD.

A Child-Labor Conference

SIR: May I call the attention of your readers to the twenty-fifth anniversary conference of the National Child Labor Committee, which is to be held at the Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, on December 16 and 17?

Among the speakers on this occasion will be Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Felix Adler, Miss Grace Abbott, Dr. Abba Hillel Silver, of Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. William John Cooper, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Commissioner of Health, New York City; Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner, New York State Department of Labor; Miss Anne S. Davis, Director of Vocational Guidance, Chicago Board of Education; Spencer Miller, Jr., Secretary, Workers' Education Bureau of America; Wiley H. Swift, National Child Labor Committee; Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of Union Theological Seminary; Mr. Robert E. Simon, Chairman of the Governing Board of the United Parents' Association; Miss Ruth Morgan, Third Vice-President of the National League of Women Voters; and Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society.

Anyone interested in the conference may secure further information by writing to the National Child Labor Committee, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

New York City. WILEY H. SWIFT,
Acting General Secretary.

Who's Thomist Now?

SIR: In the issue of The New Republic for November 6, in a review of "The American Caravan" by Malcolm Cowley, we find, "The place of The Dial as it was from 1919 to 1925 has been taken by The Hound and Horn, which represents, however, only the Thomistic section of the younger generation."

We can only reflect that Mr. Cowley's acquaintance with neo-Thomism is not extensive and his knowledge of The Hound and Horn, alas, even less so.

L. E. KIRSTEIN.
Cambridge, Mass. For the Editors.

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Webster and Emerson

Daniel Webster, by Allan L. Benson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 402 pages. $5.

Emerson, the Wisest American, by Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. 320 pages. $5.

IT IS fortunate that these two biographies appear almost simultaneously, to remind us of the two leading strains in the American consciousness during the years when the United States was becoming a nation. Webster and Emerson represented these strains completely: the former, the political and social; the latter, the individual. They were born of the same Anglo-Saxon Puritan stock in the same small section of the country. They lived within less than a hundred miles of each other, and were hailed by their fellow-countrymen as the greatest living Americans. They met at least once, and it was a mark of Webster's more expansive temperament that it was he who sought out the other. Mr. Russell quotes Emerson's comment on this occasion, which reveals, with patronizing tolerance, his sense of the difference between them. "It seems to me the quixotism of criticism to quarrel with Webster because he has not this or that fine evangelical property. He is no saint, but a wild olive-wood, ungrafted yet by grace; but, according to his lights, a very true and admirable man." It was Daniel Webster's Seventh of March speech which revealed the unfathomable gulf between these two sons of New England. Webster was pleading for constitutional rights, including the Fugitive Slave Law, as the only basis for the Union. "That is a law," said Emerson to his fellow-townsmen, "which everyone of you will break on the earliest occasion." He wrote later: "The word *liberty* in the mouth of Mr. Webster is like the word *love* in the mouth of a courtesan."

Webster and Emerson did not belong precisely to the same generation. Webster was born in 1782; Emerson in 1803. One source of the difference between them was that Webster was nearer by twenty-one years to the Revolution, and grew up amid echoes of the discussions of the founders upon the first policies of the new state. But, more important than this, Webster was of pioneer stock. His father, Captain Ebenezer Webster, had fought in the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, and lived by hard struggle on a farm in Salisbury, New Hampshire. He had taught himself to read and write, and out of his poverty he sent two of his sons to Dartmouth College. Emerson came from a long line of ministers, his father, William Emerson, being pastor of the First Church of Boston. Webster grew up in a family of ten children, working on the farm beside his father and elder brother, Ezekiel, and running away to go fishing. Mr. Benson finds that in his numerous letters he mentions his mother only once—at her death. His bringing up was exclusively masculine. Emerson, as one of six children, none of them robust, spent his boyhood in the parsonage on Summer Street, attending the Boston Latin School, carefully shielded from contact with the rude boys who played on the Common. When he was eight years old his father died, and his mother, in caring for her family, had the help of certain notable and virtuous women, in chief her sister-in-law, Mary Moody Emerson, of whom Ralph Waldo was "the spiritual child," and Mrs. Samuel Ripley. Emerson's nurture was feminine, though his Aunt Mary was more than half a man. He knew poverty, but it was genteel poverty. His mother took in boarders, and he helped with the dishes and fires. He went to Harvard, where he was cut off from his classmates by the fact that he was the president's freshman. In place of the ringing cries of party battles between Hamiltonians and Jeffersonians, his youthful ears were filled with the theological din of the Unitarian controversy.

Webster read law at Salisbury, then in the office of Christopher Gore in Boston, and practiced at first in Boscawen, New Hampshire, then in Portsmouth, riding circuit in a country as primitive as Abraham Lincoln's a generation later. In 1812, he was sent to Congress, where he served for two terms. Washington was a pioneer capital, and Webster continued to be, figuratively at least, an outdoor man. He forsook Portsmouth for Boston, where his sound grasp of fundamental principles and skill in legal tactics made him the chief advocate of his time. His great cases before the Supreme Court involved the supremacy of the constitution as the organic law of the nation. In enforcing this interpretation, he was the ally of Chief Justice John Marshall, but Mr. Benson, noting how often the decisions of the court followed Webster's briefs, gives to Webster, rather than to Marshall, the chief credit of thus perfecting the work of the Federalists. Emerson taught school, put himself through the Harvard Divinity School, and began to preach at various Unitarian churches. He was called to the pulpit of the Second Church, Boston, where he first had the experience of easy circumstances, but he resigned because he was unwilling to perform the conventional ceremonies of public prayer and the Lord's Supper.

Webster returned to the House of Representatives in 1823 from Boston, and, in 1827 took his seat in the Senate, where he continued to uphold the Constitution and the Union. He resigned to become Secretary of State under Harrison and Tyler, in which office he did notable work in bringing about the final settlement with Great Britain of outstanding boundary disputes and other matters, including the right of search. His continuance in office under the renegade Tyler spoiled his best chance of the presidency in 1844, for which office he was four times vaguely a candidate, admittedly the best-qualified man in the country but politically unavailable. He renounced his last hope by the Seventh of March speech in 1850, in support of the final effort at compromise between North and South. He resumed the Secretaryship of State under Fillmore and died in harness. Emerson signalized his retirement from the pastorate by a trip abroad, to see Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle, and settled in Concord, where he became the first citizen of a little village, and the friend and helper of all who would live by the spirit, throughout the world.

In those days the spoken word was still a power, and both Webster and Emerson formed their literary styles upon public speech. Webster found his characteristic mode of utterance in oratory. He was a great word-painter, a great actor, a master of the hearts of men. He made his first notable oration at Plymouth on the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and followed with his address on Bunker Hill, in 1825, and on the deaths of Adams and Jefferson. He used his gift before the Supreme Court and the United States Senate, and he uttered some of his most famous paragraphs at banquets which were arranged primarily to give the diners an opportunity to hear him. His masterpieces are in the great tradition of public speaking which England developed along with parliamentary government, and of which Chatham, Burke, Macaulay and Gladstone were the exemplars. Emerson, likewise, was a speaker. He delivered notable addresses, *e. g.*, before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard in 1837 and before the Divinity

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School the next year. He found in the lecture-platform a field which he made his own as completely as Webster appropriated the court-room, the Senate, or the popular forum And with what a difference in style and manner! In place of the gorgeous word-color, a simple homespun diction; in place of the long-sustained, rolling periods, the brief pithy sentence, tending toward aphorism. Webster's art was external; it depended on his audience. Fletcher Webster heard his father rehearsing his Bunker Hill address one day while fishing, and the words he caught were "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation." Emerson's art was intimate, internal. He spoke to others because he had previously spoken to himself. The germ of his lectures, which by further transmutation became essays, is to be found in the self-communings of his journal.

With both Webster and Emerson, the style is the man. Webster's life, like his writing, was public; Emerson's, intensely private. Webster's thought was political and social; Emerson distrusted politics and organization and spoke to the individual soul. Webster delighted in giving and receiving hospitality. Emerson defended his privacy as well as he could. Webster, despite his portentous manner, was easy and jovial, fond of food and drink and sport. Emerson was ascetic; his only relaxation was walking. Webster had the land-hunger of his pioneer forebears. He developed the farm at Marshfield into an estate and did the same with his father's farm in New Hampshire. He purchased a large area in Illinois, to which he always dreamed of retiring. He took a keen interest in big crops and fat cattle. Emerson bought nine acres in Concord, which he increased to fourteen in order to secure his outlet to Walden Pond. He once took up outdoor work for reasons of physical and philosophical health, but his little son Waldo, seeing his spade-work, cried out in fear, "Look out, father. You'll dig your leg." In the end, he found that manual labor interfered with thought.

After his early success Webster was lavish with money, generous, always in debt, receiving subsidies and gifts from his admirers. Emerson husbanded a small inheritance which enabled him to help his friends, Carlyle, Alcott, Thoreau. Both Webster and Emerson were men of strong family affection, and both sorrowed. Each married in youth, and suffered in bereavement. Each made a second marriage, of love if not of romance; and to both came grief in the death of their children. Webster expressed his suffering nobly and sincerely in letters and epitaphs. Louisa Alcott tells of coming to Emerson's door to inquire for little Waldo, his first born, through whose childish thought and ways he seemed to penetrate most deeply into the beauty and mystery of life, to be met by Emerson himself with the words, "Child, he's dead." Webster's own deathbed was a dramatic scene. He was always the great man. He delivered an oration upon the God whom he had been taught to worship, and later he asked anxiously, "Have I, on this occasion, done anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" Emerson sought God persistently in solitary communings with nature and his own heart, but he resigned his church rather than lend himself to external ceremonies. His own passing had in it something of the humility in which he lived—a gradual fading into the Whole from which he sprang. They used to tell at the Harvard Library of one of his last visits there when his aphasia lightened for a moment at the sight of the old librarian, his college mate John Langdon Sibley. "I'm losing my sight, Waldo," quavered Sibley. "I'm losing my wits, John," said Emerson with a chuckle.

These two biographies follow methods appropriate to their subjects. Mr. Benson writes with a broad sweep of narrative, with extracts from Webster's masterpieces which, freed from the hackneyed repetition of school readers, now take their place as literature. Mr. Russell gives a close exposition of the development of Emerson's thought (constantly weaving Emerson's own words into his fabric) with a vivacity which conceals the labor of preparation. Mr. Benson is obliged at times to act as attorney for the defense, and he is hard upon the Abolitionists and other defamers of his client, but he makes a strong case for Webster's immense service to what was essential in his country's existence, the Union. Mr. Russell, likewise, is obliged to defend Emerson's individualism, not so much from attack as from mischievous misinterpretation in the interest of a selfish and material civilization which Emerson detested. He also is open-minded to the real defects in Emerson's philosophy, its tendency toward intellectualization and rationalization. He is fortunate, however, in that Emerson has always somewhere in his writings condemned the errors inherent in his general attitude, for to him consistency was but the virtue of little minds. Both biographies place their subjects squarely before us as types of American, indeed of Yankee, culture, racy of New England soil, in the period to which we look back as our Golden Day. They become more significant if read together.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Goldberg, and Others

Is There a Doctor in the House? by Rube Goldberg. New York: The John Day Company. $1.

The Second New Yorker Album. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Gluyas Williams Book. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge, by S. J. Perelman. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.

IT is worth noting that while verbal humor has grown more and more irresponsible and lunatic in the past ten years, the humor of the cartoon and sketch has merely become extravagant. Exaggeration of motive, or situation, is much more common than the irrelevance which makes Sullivan and Perelman, for instance, so hard to resist and so hard to explain. And exaggeration is the tone of the older American humor, of Mark Twain and Bill Nye.

Rube Goldberg, who is a professional comic artist and an agreeable amateur at writing, indicates both tendencies in reverse. His text, in "Is There a Doctor in the House?" gives off a sort of furious common sense, as Mark Twain's did; his description of a gymnasium or an operation suggests a knockabout sketch in a revue. Thus a man is observed sitting in an electric cabinet: "The head seemed to be lighted indirectly like the dome of the Capitol in Washington. . . I don't know whether the body was being broiled, roasted or fried, but the aroma suggested either stock broker au gratin or real estate operator en casserole." Or, of a woman after "a cutting fool" had completed an operation, "There was I with a hollow wife on my hands. On stormy nights the wind would whistle through her with a sad, sad moan, and the children would think she was haunted." It is a little more pictorial than Mark Twain, but "whistle through her with a sad, sad moan" is exactly what Mark Twain would have written.

Whereas the grotesquerie of Goldberg's daily drawings is utterly fantastic, defying the laws of sense and experi-

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ence and gravitation. His satirical drawings are never quite so successful as those in which he deals with unrealities; with the adventures of the complete imbecile, Boob McNutt, for example, where whatever is absurd is simply funny in itself. The chandeliers and radiator caps are not exaggerations of bad decoration, but fanciful flights.

The second "New Yorker Album" emphasizes the merits and deficiencies of its pictures, and marks clearly the difference between its sophistication, since that is the accepted term, and Goldberg's simplicity. The comedy of The New Yorker's pictures is largely a comedy of situation: the best example is a series, of which only one appears here, by O. Soglow. The picture is a curved crazy street, with the top of a ladder projecting from an open manhole. From the manhole, presumably, rise the remarks carried by the text: comment on delicate perfume, on Einstein, on the relative social standing of the Vanderbilts and the Astors, or, "Down there, and first door to the right." The humor of situation appears again in "But, mother, where *do* babies come from?" in the midst of a desperate run across the Fifth Avenue traffic; or in one of Mr. Arno's characteristic things, a wild necking on the sofa with, "Have you read any good books lately?"

Mr. Arno has the most effective brush, but not much variety, and I tire a little of laughing at the mere fatness of fat men and women. You get the humor of character in Shermund and Miss Hokinson; but—it may be the effect of seeing these drawings months after having seen them in the magazine—the artist seems largely to be using stock weaknesses, of stock characters, to make ridiculous.

The difference with Gluyas Williams is that he has created his own stock. Mr. Williams does not make anyone ridiculous, he is simply not trying to make fun of his people, but to show fun through them. At the corner of a picture called "The Station Platform" you will observe a man embarrassed with bundles, so that his ticket floats from his mouth. He looks with some venom at his unladen wife. That is all. Even the "industrial crises" series, in one of which Cartier's were enjoined to repair an Ingersoll watch, has that same sympathetic understatement. Mr. Williams is the recorder of our timidities and aspirations and unfulfilled desires for poise and elegance and ease. And his composition is a pleasure to apprehend.

It is notable that our contemporary draughtsmen leave politics to the professional cartoonists and make their comment on the ways of society through a series of remarks about odd or extravagant individuals. The social satire which was practised in The Masses and The Liberator has not made much headway in any of the comic weeklies. A Boardman Robinson once a month, once a year, would hardly be out of place. And something more of the sharp line of Adolf Dehn, of Gropper's fluent satire, might find room among all these amusing and pleasant pictures.

I began by saying that the text of our humorists has become a bit crazy and should have gone directly on to "Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge," which is S. J. Perelman's first collection of pieces. It is an exasperating book because when you read Perelman weekly in Judge, you think there could never be too much of him; yet the collection, which unhappily omits his preposterous illustrated jokes, has to be taken a few pages at a time. After that, you observe that Perelman has no sense of responsibility to a pun and will say "a sutler in charge of the subtle trains between Grand Central and Times Square." His real talent is oddly associated with this feeling of the unreality or insignificance of words, for he is enchanted with their sound. Mr. Lardner writes that people are practically comatose with eagerness to hear something or other; Mr. Perelman says, "A meed of interest has been rife lately over the important question, 'Do Spark-Plugs Think?' " and adds that there is nothing worse than a rife meed. Lardner suggests the kind of person who could write his phrases; Perelman lacks that connection with sense. Even when he writes parody he will say, in the manner of S. S. Van Dine, "Jitters, Benson's man, was preparing our whiskeys and sodas, the kettle was steaming on the hob, and hobstairs and houtside the wind was whistling." But he is also capable of " 'Tell me about your most unusual case'. . . . And closing his eyes and going to sleep, he told me the following story."

The elements of Perelman's vocabulary are odd words, phrases grown stale and lifeless, sentimental clichés, and the terrific smash of Broadway slang:

> Dawn made a little moue of distaste. It did not satisfy her, so she made another, then still another.
>
> "Dawn, stop making moues and get dressed. Remember, time and tide wait for no man."
>
> "What the heck has the —— —— tide got to do with it?" inquired Dawn. "What do I look like, an oyster dredge?"

The weakness of Perelman's manner is that he lets everything in, and while he is willing to write a paragraph to lead up to a pun, he is just as willing to spoil the paragraph for another. He has a genuine wild fantasy and, vaguely suggested, a savage contempt for a great many things, including A. A. Milne and the whimsical generally. It is obvious even from my few quotations that he is in the same business as Lardner and Benchley and Sullivan and Stewart; but I never feel that he is imitative and always find him funny.

GILBERT SELDES.

Decline and Fall of the Hapsburgs

The Dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy, by Oscar Jaszi. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 488 pages. $3.

DR. JASZI sees the Austro-Hungarian Empire as the greatest modern experiment in international government. Because of the ten distinct nationalities of which it was composed, the story of its failure is not only interesting as an episode in Central European history, but also significant as an indication of whether such a thing as a super-state can ever succeed.

At one time or another, of course, all the more important European dynasties were faced with this problem of consolidating divergent groups within their territory. The national spirit of such countries as France and Germany was the product of slow—and by no means certain—growth. When George Bernard Shaw's St. Joan says that she looks forward to the time when men in the different provinces of France will think of themselves as Frenchmen rather than as Burgundians or Bretons, her English judges treat her as a dangerous but completely demented idealist. Since the problem which the Hapsburgs faced had its counterpart all over Europe, why did they fail where other monarchies succeeded? Was it simply that the Austro-Hungarian experiment was on a larger scale, that it had ten Irelands, while England, for example, had only one? Or was the policy of the Hapsburgs more short-sighted than

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that of the other dynasties? Above all, what is the *sine qua non* for the continued existence of a heterogeneous state? These are the questions which the author undertakes to consider.

A Hungarian by birth, and a member of the short-lived liberal cabinet formed at Vienna just before the final dissolution of the empire, Professor Jaszi treats his subject with the authority and vividness of one who knows the whole story from the inside. Considering his nationality, his thorough indictment of the tyrant Hapsburgs is to be expected. But the history which he has written is nevertheless valuable. Though biased, his analysis of the causes of dissolution is both concrete and brilliant.

At the start, Dr. Jaszi dismisses the once-popular theory that it was the Great War which was responsible for the break-up of the empire. Though the War may have hastened the process, the conditions within the country had made it inevitable. Their blood tainted by insanity at the outset, the Hapsburgs began sowing the seeds of their own downfall as early as the sixteenth century. Like absentee landlords, they treated their tremendous realm as a personal matter, designed solely to further their own power and glory. Instead of drawing together the diffuse elements of the population, they adopted the easier make-shift policy of "divide and rule." Instead of creating allegiance based on mutual concessions, they exacted obedience based on force—the army and an elaborate spy system. When the growing consciousness of the separate national groups expressed itself in demands for greater self-government, they forgot that a stitch in time saves nine, and postponed the evil day of relaxing their autocratic grip until the hour came when nothing short of absolute independence would satisfy the full-grown nationalisms with which they had not known how to deal. The discontent which was originally based on these national aspirations was increased by the outworn economic and social system—a distorted relic of medieval feudalism. So great was the poverty and lack of modern commercial initiative that the free trade which existed between the various parts of the empire had little effect in developing economic unity. Of psychological unity there was none, and one of the chief causes of dissolution was the fact that the central government made no attempt to educate each national group in regard to the history and character of the other national groups. Croatian children continued to be taught that the Serbs were their national enemies. Hereditary animosities within the empire were encouraged where they should have been dispelled. Petrified absolutism, curiously superimposed on feudalism and ten growing nationalisms, was the inner condition to which Dr. Jaszi attributes the downfall of the empire. Woven through all this was the stupidity of the Hapsburgs in failing to adapt themselves to the changing conditions of the modern world.

The book ends with a well justified note of warning Today the new little states which were carved out of the old empire in the name of self-determination are in danger of undergoing in their turn a similar operation in the name of the same fetish. In each of the new countries there are national groups antagonistic to the nationality in power, and struggling for greater autonomy. Jugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania confront all the problems of the old Hapsburg super-state. They must solve these problems by greater decentralization and tolerant understanding, or else meet disaster.

To anyone interested in the acute political problems of Central Europe, or in the question of what it is that forms the basis for national fervor, Professor Jaszi's encyclopedic work will prove a mine of information. In every aspect of the economic, social, and political life of the pre-War Central Europe, he searches for the roots of the various national hatreds and jealousies. Though the book is long and solid, the keenness of the author's observations is rewarding.

BEATRICE L. PITNEY.

New England and Virginian Ladies

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Short as Any Dream, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT is difficult to trace the exact nature of the failure in Miss Glasgow's book. She writes competently and fully, and, in many instances, with real wit and intelligence. The problem in her latest novel is grievously misstated in its title, which places emphasis upon varying reactions to unfortunate love-affairs in women of different periods. As a matter of fact, her novel is chiefly concerned with the reactions of Mr. Virginius Littlepage, his wife, Victoria, and their daughter, Mary Victoria, members of an aristocratic family in a changing Southern city, to the invasion of their lives by tough modern reality.

The aging Mr. Littlepage tries to ward off his sense of futility by rather feeble gestures toward lost romance, on the one hand, and a temperate appraisal of contemporary mixed values on the other. He bestows clandestine caresses on Mrs. Dalyrymple, the light lady of the 90's, at the same time that he defends and protects Milly, the modern exemplar of lost virtue, even after his daughter has married Milly's former lover. Mrs. Littlepage tries to make vicarious amends to Aunt Agatha, who, in the 80's, was the victim of a guilty love, and to other such broken lives, by her charitable interest in Houses of Hope for female delinquents. Mary Victoria, having married her husband with the forcible intention of reforming him, ends by rushing after him as he flees, with a regrettable lack of decorum. Miss Glasgow has written down her true problem solidly but repetitiously. In her eagerness to point her case, the most subtle situations are driven through by phrases too general to be illuminating. The fallen ladies remain figurines—even Milly's revolt against becoming a "helpless victim of life" is somewhat unbelievable, after Miss Glasgow has made her cling with the utmost tenacity to the image of a worthless lover for seven years. Mr. and Mrs. Littlepage are most successfully treated: two "old children" afraid of any romanticism not of their particular brand. In order that anything really significant might come to such a puzzle of emotions freed or thwarted by changing convention, something more than a mere competent exploration of surfaces would be required. The surfaces must be ripped through. Miss Glasgow has tools for that more penetrating method, but she does not use them.

Miss Sergeant's book differs greatly from Miss Glasgow's in approach, style, and matter. It bears, however, the same marks of emphasis wrongly placed. Where Miss Glasgow's tendency is to neglect her deepest problems through lack of penetration, Miss Sergeant's fault is to distort her scene with sentiment. Hope, the contemporary figure in "Short as Any Dream," resents the past. She has worked out her own life according to a free modern pattern; she feels "obscure, tyrannical forces" close around her at any contact with her relatives. At once awed and terrified by the family relics with which she has been en-

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Thursday, Dec. 5—**Dr. E. G. Spaulding:** "The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosophy and Science.—Appearance and Reality: The Fundamental Dualism."

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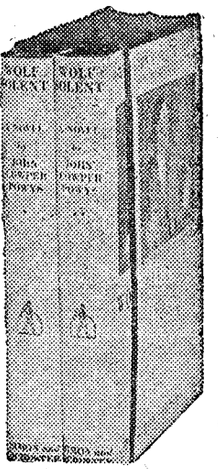

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trusted, in her New York apartment she rather unwillingly sets out to piece together the fortunes of her mother's people. The first chapters of "Short As Any Dream" have real life and color. Directly the scene is pushed back into the past, something goes wrong. The evocation works badly: no human beings emerge from these pages that elaborately clothe and make vocal men and women long dead. The rooms are too freshly garnished the costumes too pretty, the motives, however mistaken and pitiful, too nobly presented. There is none of the pettiness, the litter and disarray, of ordinary human life. "A cool room. A white sacque and petticoat—jelly stiffening in scalded glasses, on a tray in the dark pantry. I'll make a custard pudding—Jamie coming in from the fields with a look that says: Oh, how delicious!"

The narrator, as the book ends, has become so deeply enamored of the past that she resents the present. "Mary's dear brother, who died at Dartmouth College, must not see the filling stations. The Tourist Camp under Jockey Cap." The past is now alive, as cool and self-renewing as the living spring found in the pantry of the old house "Short as Any Dream" is often vivid, and always sincere. It is unfortunate that Miss Sergeant has not looked at both past and present with equal detachment, and that sentiment was the tool which came most readily to hand.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Seven Women, by William M. John. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. $2.50.

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F. B.

Contributors

C. F. ANDREWS, an English clergyman who has lived for many years in India, is President of the Indian Trades Union Congress, and is generally regarded as the Englishman having most influence on native affairs.

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GILBERT SELDES, author and critic, has just published "An Hour with the Movies and the Talkies."

BEATRICE L. PITNEY is now on the executive staff of the National League of Women Voters.

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of two books of verse, "Body of This Death" and "Dark Summer."

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